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AN EDITORIAL

NATIONAL REVIEW

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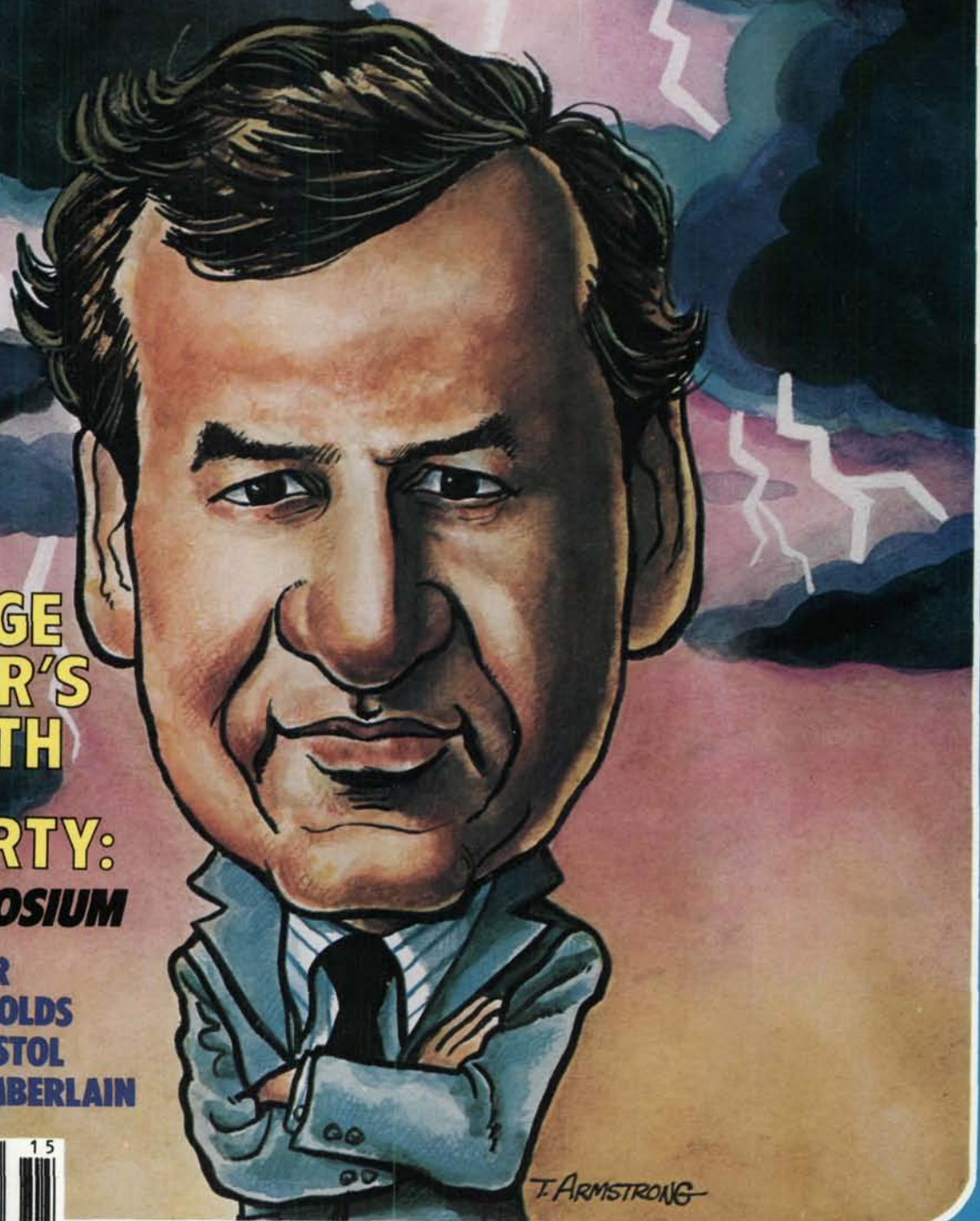
GEORGE GILDER'S WEALTH AND POVERTY:

A SYMPOSIUM

J.A. PARKER
ALAN REYNOLDS
IRVING KRISTOL
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



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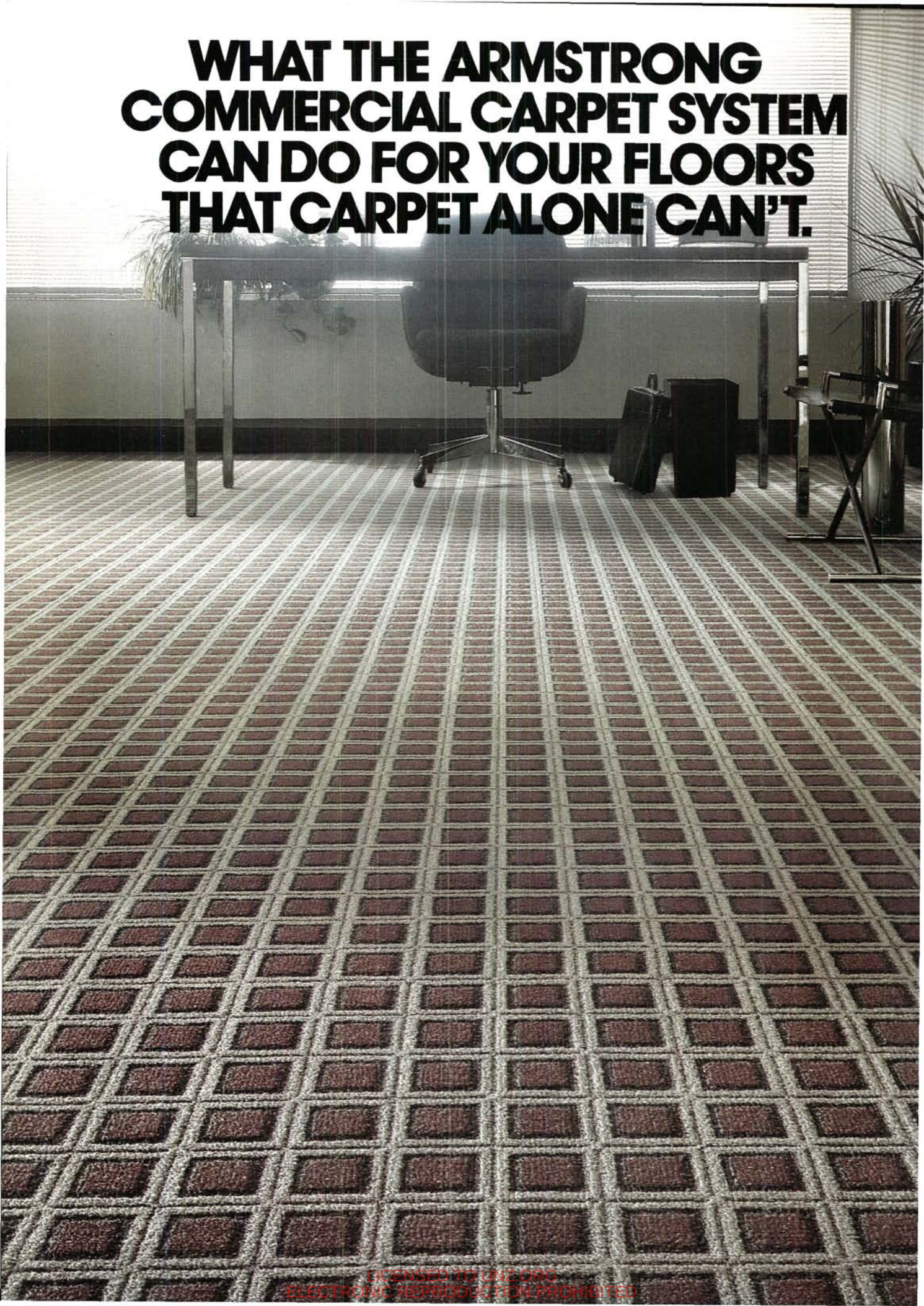

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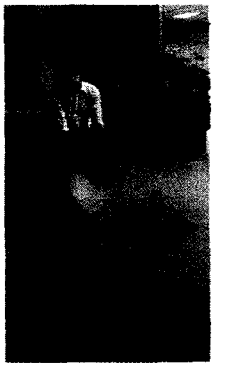
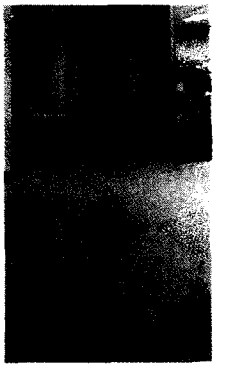
Carpet raised to uncover subfloor trench.



Workman putting carpet down over trench.



Carpet in place; no cuts or seams revealing flap over trench.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 17, 1981
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Cover illustration by Tom Armstrong

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Don Bolander, B.S., M.A., Litt.D.;
Director of the Memory Training Institute

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So far, I have progressed only through Session 5, but the course has already surpassed my expectations. —V. Martin, Lemoore, CA

The number system is unbelievable—and it works! The course is easy to understand and really does everything you said it would. —Mrs. W. Kutscher, Cape Girardeau, MO

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Letters

Hive Talk

I am sick of hearing about this confounded Hive ["The Week," Apr. 3]. It represents, so far as I can tell, simply the worn conspiracy theories in a new form. We conservatives, I had thought, have progressed considerably in wit and sophistication beyond the bugaboos of the John Birch Society. Why are we being urged to subscribe to the John Bee Society?

John L. Slade
New York, N.Y.

What Walter Knew

One could hardly call Walter Cronkite's bias "suave and even subliminal" or "usually muted" ["The Week," Mar. 20]. When he was asked by a Gannett News Service reporter whether there was any substance to the charge that his evening news slighted "hawkish" views, he said: "There are always groups in Washington expressing views of alarm over the state of our defenses. We don't carry those stories. The story is that there are those who want to cut defense spending."

In a minute-by-minute analysis of all CBS Evening News programs broadcast in 1972 and 1973, a total of 196 hours, Dr. Ernest Lefever of Georgetown University found CBS to have devoted all of one minute to the most significant fact of our time—a direct comparison of the military strength of the United States and the Soviet Union. Putting this in perspective, it gave one minute and fifty seconds to a story of missing tableware in Pentagon cafeterias.

In 1972 and 1973, CBS Evening News carried almost no information on growing Soviet military might in missiles, aircraft, and warships. There was no direct reference to a new 4,500-mile submarine missile, the annual production of five to nine missile subs, a new generation of ICBMs carrying multiple warheads and capable of destroying Minuteman missiles in their silos, a system to destroy U.S. satellites, a new supersonic strategic bomber, etc.

Instead of giving Americans information they needed to make an informed decision about future priorities, CBS censored the news about Soviet intentions and concentrated its efforts on anti-military stories such as the "Selling of the Pentagon."

And that's the way it was.

Daniel John Sobieski
Chicago, Ill.

Army Prescriptions

The problems which now plague the Volunteer Armed Forces ["Divergent Views on the Problems of the Volunteer Armed Forces," Mar. 6] have been with us since the Vietnam War. I served two years with the infantry in Vietnam. Our own leadership failures, not the incompetence of politicians, caused the real problems, and they remain. Now the Army must adopt policies which will build unit cohesion and discourage self-serving careerism.

Officers must be forced to give honest, realistic efficiency ratings. Officers tend to give all their subordinates perfect or near-perfect ratings. No one trusts the magicians at Department of Army to establish a just order of merit from thousands of reports on officers they don't personally know. Just one comparatively low rating, such as "excellent" or "superior," is sufficient to ruin an officer's career. This has caused in the Officer Corps an incapacitating fear of failure. The hard choices need to be made and reported by individual raters on the basis of personal knowledge, rather than at Department of Army on the basis of buzz-words per paragraph.

A Regimental System, similar to that of the British Army, should be adopted. The Regimental System holds an officer accountable for the long-term effects of his command. Loyalty to his unit is thus encouraged, for his professional reputation lies in the hands of the officers and men of his regiment. The Regimental System also allows tank crews, gun crews, and infantry squads to train and practice together until the teamwork needed for success in combat is achieved. (It is shocking to note that in 1975—peacetime—the infantry squads in one of our divisions were experiencing a 100 per cent turnover in personnel on the average of every eight months.)

Span of control must be extended, levels of command must be reduced, and headquarters staffs must be ruthlessly cut. Over-supervision stifles initiative at every level. Our headquarters are overstaffed with the most capable personnel, while our line units are understrength. Headquarters duty turns a soldier into a bureaucrat. Bureaucrats can't fight.

Units should have a geographical identity. Unit pride would be developed and recruiting efforts aided by this simple step. Surely, the military mind can devise a system of unit rotation which would prevent high casualties in one battle from wiping out all the young males in an entire state.

The above suggestions can be implemented by the Army itself and, far from costing money, would result in savings.

And Major Rehyansky is right. Recruits should serve on probation until they prove

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Economics and the Public Welfare
Financial and Economic History of the United States, 1914-1946

By Benjamin M. Anderson

"In the direct handling of economic life, governments are usually clumsy and ineffective. In economic life their main business should be that of a traffic cop, not that of a driver, and above all not that of a back-seat driver," says the author of this insightful history. The wisdom of his viewpoint is confirmed by Dr. Anderson's careful account of American financial and economic events beginning before World War I and ending with the Bretton Woods Conference after World War II.

Benjamin M. Anderson taught economics at Columbia, Harvard, and the University of California. He was an economist for the Chase Manhattan Bank and for many years edited the *Chase Economic Bulletin*.
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their value to the Army. Pay increases should go to developing and retaining good non-commissioned officers.

Reinstatement of the GI Bill might help us get more recruits, but those who join up because of the GI Bill will also be the first to leave the service to take advantage of it. Over time, the brighter soldiers will leave the Army, while the dolts remain and become non-commissioned officers. What's needed, I think, is a system which enables a soldier to earn a degree by learning skills for use in the Army. Let's educate the soldiers we want to keep.

Major C. C. Darrell, U.S. Army (Ret.)
Baltimore, Md.

Senator Armstrong is correct in stating, "Manpower shortages are most severe in the middle officer and NCO grades." But he doesn't really know *why*. I do. As an industrial headhunter (who also spent four years of active duty as a junior officer in the Navy), I interview these people who have spent eight, ten, and more years in before getting out. Yes, money is part of the problem, but it is secondary.

Every occupational survey shows that money is usually fifth or sixth on the list of employees' priorities in job satisfaction (yes, military personnel are employees). Often, however, upper management believes money to be right at the top. This is because they're observers, not participants.

Critically important personnel are leaving the service in droves for two principal reasons—first, reformist regulations which do not permit them to effect necessary discipline, and, secondly, the low caliber of the volunteers. They do not object to the long hours of work and frequent absences from home which have always been a part of military life. They do object to being treated as second-class citizens in an occupation no longer admired but scorned by public and dullard volunteers alike. Their common complaint is: "I got out because I was forced to become a baby-sitter." It is not because of the money—and therefore more money (or a restoration of the GI Bill) will not cure the problem.

A. R. Warmington
Euclid, Ohio

Bringing Up Baby

In regard to the debate over military conscription, there has been little consideration of the political ramifications of such a policy. As a university student, I have been active in campus political activities and have witnessed the emergence of a strong conservative sentiment among young people. But I can think of nothing that would more completely alienate these young converts to the conservative fold than revival of the draft by a conservative Administration.

A draft might enhance the short-term effectiveness of the military, but it would crush the long-term hopes of a conserva-

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tive majority among the upcoming generation. The old specter of "the draft" would restore liberalism to an active popularity on campuses, leaving young conservatives with an ominous future. For those of us who must look beyond the Reagan years and into the next century, reinstatement of the draft and the loss of another generation to radicalism would never cease to haunt us.

Greg Sisk
Bozeman, Mont.

Cloud of Suspicion

Recently researchers have become aware that stress may be a causative factor in the development of cancer. It follows, as Dr. Elizabeth Whelan hinted [Feb. 6], that Washington, D.C. agencies, including the FDA, may figure more prominently as a carcinogen than does saccharin, sucaryl, or the dyes in maraschino cherries.

Since the FDA brooks no exception to banning those items under the slightest cloud of suspicion, to be consistent they should ban themselves, dissolve the agency, and relieve the stress to which the citizens are subjected by its constant barrage of scare headlines.

Edith G. Ledbetter M.D.
Rogersville, Ala.

Interlude

Gotcha! I never expected to see a widely promulgated error immortalized in the sacred pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. I confess to experiencing a warm flush of self-gratifying smugness as I tut-tutted over the phrase "The Medium is the Message" in Hugh Kenner's obituary of Marshall McLuhan [Jan. 23].

Repeat after me: "Massage, Massage, Massage," and end my loneliness here at the top.

Doris M. Redfield
Princeton, Ind.

Smugness feeds on paperbackery and is a corrosive of the soul. For "The Medium is the Message" see McLuhan, Understanding Media, *McGraw-Hill, 1964, title of Chapter 1. That was where the phrase was placed in circulation a good three years before the cutesy Bantam Books spinoff, which was where Miss Redfield came in.* —HK

Army Engineers & Saudis

I cannot praise Peter Lubin's insightful article ["Taming the Saudis," Mar. 20] enough.

I spent a summer as an aide for the Army Corps of Engineers' Middle East Division. Most Americans are completely unaware of the extent to which *we* have built Saudi Arabia's modern face from the sand up. Massive projects including the Dhahran International Airport, the port facilities at Jeddah, and the incredibly ambitious King Khalid Military City in the north near Iraq have been designed and executed by *our* Corps of Engineers.

The Saudi government is supposedly picking up the tab for these and hundreds of smaller projects the Corps is involved in, but this, too, Lubin hints, is a fraud. For massive oil price hikes (even by "moderate" Saudi Arabia) have more than compensated for our construction. In other words, to put it simply, Saudi Arabia has gotten billions of dollars of U.S. building and engineering assistance for free. Any money we made went right back with price hikes.

Kevin B. Dwyer
Lexington, Va.

Pillars of Style

wow! Style is alive and well in a buck-and-a-quarter bi-weekly. D. Keith Mano ["Blue Collar Woodstock," Feb. 20] and Thomas Molnar ["Oh, Benares!" Mar. 20] deserve special applause. Great work. Who says that nonfiction can't be fun reading?

Jim LaMothe
Oneida Castle, N.Y.

Turning Up

The review of Victor Navasky's *Naming Names* ["Acting in Character," Mar. 6], although not favorable, was too kind. Mr. Navasky wrote a dishonest book. For one thing, he never mentioned Otto Katz, alias André Simon, a Czech and onetime agent for a Moscow film-distributing company, who had been Willy Muenzenberg's chief aide during the Thirties organizing Communist fronts. He was dispatched to Hollywood by the Comintern to do this. He succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, and many (perhaps most) of the Hollywood types whom Mr. Navasky feels were so abused worked closely with him. He fled the United States in 1945, showed up in Prague, was appointed chief of the Czech governmental information service, and was executed in 1952.

Second, Mr. Navasky suggests that hysteria led to the designation of Gerhart Eisler as "top Communist in the country" in 1945. This involves a semantical twist which I cannot help feeling was deliberate, in an effort to achieve an effect. In fact he was named "top Communist *agent* in the country," which is a totally different concept. And that is exactly what he was; for the Comintern (then known as the Cominform) designated him their liaison man with the American Communist Party during the war. He too fled the country, showed up in East Germany, was ap-

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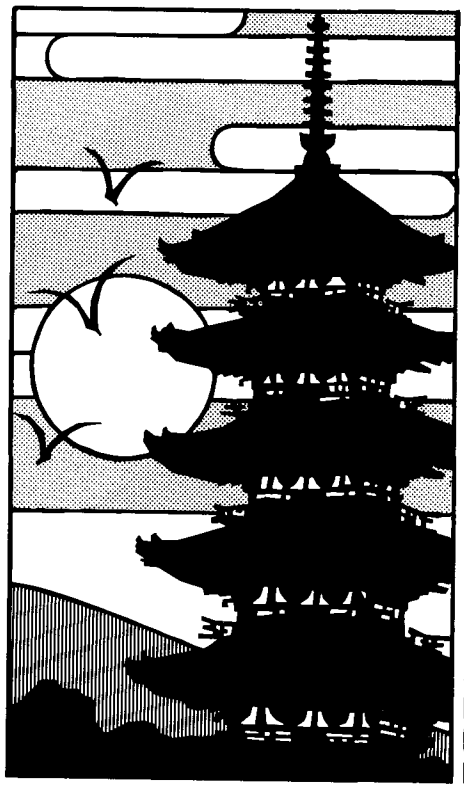

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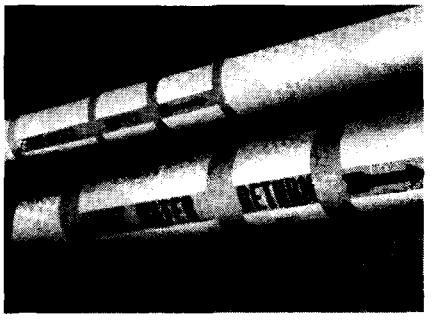

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pointed governmental head of television and radio (which Mr. Navasky neglected to mention), and died there in 1968.

Nicholas Alaga
San Francisco, Calif.

The Party Line

NATIONAL REVIEW must have set something of a record in reportorial dissonance in its March 6 issue. Cato's "Letter from Washington" called Lyn Nofziger's presence as a White House aide "heartening to conservatives," while Neal Freeman in his "Current Wisdom" called Nofziger a "bureaucrat" just nine pages later.

It would be an act of kindness for you to avoid such "double messages" in the future. You already have Mr. Nofziger so confused he has forgotten how to spell his name.

William B. Noffsinger
Phoenix, Ariz.

Entropy vs. Evolution

I should like to comment on George Gilder's article in the Dec. 31 issue entitled "The Disease of Government." The article was very well written and I cheered the author on as he exposed the erroneous "liberal" thinking of our day. However, I was disappointed to see him connect materialism with the second law of thermodynamics (p. 1566) and to identify this as one of the fallacies of "liberals." His use of quotation marks in the phrase "theory of 'entropy'" seems to indicate that he doubts the validity of the second law.

This is an egregious error. If anything in modern science can be said to be "proven," it is the second law of thermodynamics, which states that all things tend toward maximum disorder. It implies that we live in a decaying world. Entropy is a measure of this disorder or "decay."

Materialism needs to be linked with evolution, *not* with the second law. Evolution suggests that things improve—"evolve"—and is essentially optimistic. Karl Marx welcomed evolution as the biological foundation for his "scientific materialism." Non-theistic *evolution* and *materialism* go hand in hand as even a cursory examination of the literature will show. Evolution is difficult to reconcile with entropy, and no attempt at such reconciliation has been successful. The observation that things tend to decay naturally is a well-established fact of science; that man has evolved from molecules by chance is *not*. This remains true even if most scientists are materialistic evolutionists.

In fact, there are scientists who reject materialistic evolutionism altogether and embrace a creation model of the world. These scientists rely heavily upon the second-law argument in rebutting the statements of materialistic evolutionists. Not only are these scientists creationists, they are also Christians, and, as far as I

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can tell, politically "conservative"—contrary to Gilder's sweeping characterization.

Ralph E. Ancil
Lansing, Mich.

Lunacy's Expression

The suggestion that lunatics murder because of backlash against ". . . the schemes of our social engineers" is a grab at straws ["The Week," Mar. 6]. I thought so last fall when I read the comics . . . excuse me, John L. Hess's column in the *Doylestown Daily Intelligencer*, which made the identical suggestion, and I stick to my guns now.

Strangely enough, his column and your editorial paragraph implied the same basic cause of the mass murders, but pointed fingers in opposite directions. Hess thought that the murders of black children in Atlanta, blacks in Buffalo, and Jews in Paris would not have occurred had the murderers not been incited (subtly, of course) by right-wing reaction to left-wing policies. (And Richard Speck, I suppose, would have had no grudge against nurses if we had implemented a national-health-insurance program.)

Admittedly, you faced the problem head-on two paragraphs later in quoting Chief Justice Burger's call for a revamped justice system, while Hess thought the solution was to defeat the Republicans in the impending election.

Nonetheless, the thought raced through my head that you were almost blaming a crime on its perpetrator's social upbringing. May this appalling idea serve to remind us to resist all such shoe's-on-the-other-foot temptations (but may the shoe stay on that foot for many temptations to come).

Dennis Crowe
Warrington, Pa.

Your paragraph on the murder of black children in Atlanta wins my vote for Tendentious Opinion of the Week. You may be interested in hearing that this is the first week in the past 469 that this distinction wasn't accorded to *Time*'s board of economists.

F. R. Buckley
Camden, S.C.

The Red Carpet

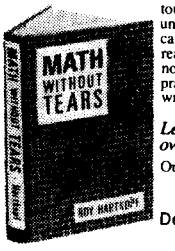
Like a Fabergé in a Tiffany window, a jewel set in a summer sea, was that splendid article by Linda Bridges: "Portrait of the Monarch as a Young Man" [Feb. 6]. I turned to the table of contents and gazed on her picture and gave her a look that would have got me shot in Arkansas. How well she writes—and Henry V, what a subject! I have carried his St. Crispin's speech in my pocket-book for years—25 at least—so that when shadowy priests come to chide me for lack of due humility under the chastening hand of God, I may look at those glorious lines.

In Joan of Arc's day (France did not think much of Henry) they referred to him as the butcher—but then, Shakespeare called Joan a whore and camp-follower. Churchill, in his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, devoted less than half a dozen pages to Joan and Napoleon, two of the most dazzling figures who ever lived.

But as Henry said to Katharine: "Nice customs curtsy to great kings."

Charles Wallen Jr.
Millbrae, Calif.

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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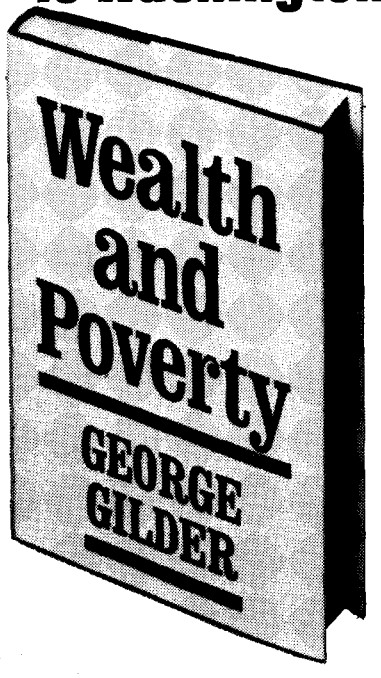
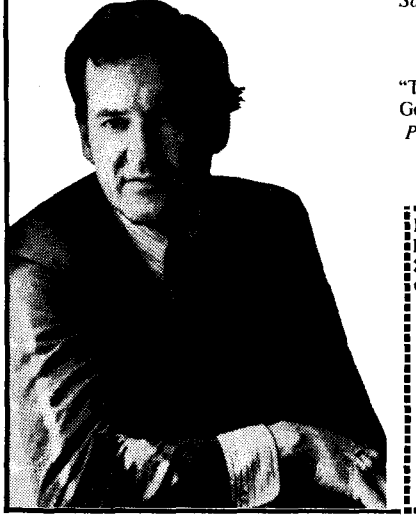


Program Director at the International Center for Economic Policy Studies in Manhattan, Mr. Gilder has written speeches for five presidential campaigns and is frequently called to testify before congress on economic matters. He is the author of five books and has written articles for many publications including *Harpers, Forbes, Commentary, The Wall Street Journal,* and *National Review.*



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FOR THE RECORD

■ Everyone agrees the next polls will show a major boost in **Ronald Reagan**'s popularity, but will it last? and will it translate into congressional victories? **Jimmy Carter**'s favorite pollster, **Patrick Caddell**, thinks not: "People are relieved and they are rallying, but it's personal, not the same thing as handling an international crisis brilliantly." **Robert Teeter** (Market Opinion Research) is not so sure: "He was pretty calm and pretty tough and this may have done more than some outside crisis in giving people a sense of him." Rep. **Tony Coelho**, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, predicts it will "extend the Reagan honeymoon by three to five months." **William R. Hamilton**, a pollster for Democrats in Congress, goes further: "When he showed the ability to go through this with a quip, it was something the average man can understand. It probably makes him immune from ever dropping to the low level of personal popularity Carter reached." The *Washington Post*'s **David S. Broder** summed it up: "When Reagan displayed wit and grace in the hours after his own life was threatened, he elevated those appealing human qualities to the level of legend. As long as people remember the hospitalized President joshing his doctors and nurses—and they will remember—no critic will be able to portray Reagan as a cruel or callous or heartless man." . . . **Evans & Novak** had another point to make in their first post-shooting column: If what Reagan once described to **Barbara Bush** as "the awful-awful" had happened, would the Reagan social revolution be carried through? No, they concluded: "Even if **George Bush** agreed with Reagan's revolutionary goals, he could not match Reagan's ideological commitment. . . . If Reagan had been killed, the [energizing] radical quality would have ended."

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"'A bigger check on the table' doesn't have quite the same ring to it as 'More cash on the table,' brother."

■ Short history lesson for liberals: Rep. **Edward Roybal**, who will chair a congressional hearing on the **Secret Service**, says he wants to know: Why was **John W. Hinckley Jr.**'s name not entered in the Secret Service computer of potential assassins? and, Why was his presence in Washington not known to the authorities? One answer, from the 1978 Report of the Subcommittee on Criminal Law and Procedures of the Senate Judiciary Committee: "Mr. **Stuart Knight**, head of the Secret Service, testified that [following passage of various post-Watergate legislation restricting the activities of the intelligence organizations] the Secret Service was probably receiving only 25 per cent of the amount of intelligence it used to receive before the era of privacy legislation." Mr. Knight further testified, according to the Report, that there were some cities in which he considered the situation so risky that he would advise the President of the United States not to visit them. Mr. Knight declined to identify the cities.

■ Back in Congress: A move by Republican liberals, headed by Sen. **John Chafee** (R.I.), to restore nearly $1 billion in Reagan social-welfare cuts was beaten down when 19 conservative Democrats joined the GOP majority. Chafee got the support of nine other Republicans, mostly from the East and Midwest. . . . Advocates of cutting back **unearned income** tax rate from 70 per cent to 50 per cent—which Reagan hadn't asked for—now think that might pass with Democratic support. . . . Sen. **Orrin Hatch** is taking the lead in moves to have the minimum wage cut down in the lower age brackets as a means of increasing teenage employment. (His bill would permit employers to pay 75 per cent of the minimum to teenagers for the first six months.) . . . Sen. **Malcolm Wallop** (R., Wyo.) says the new nine-digit zip will cost $2 billion ($1 billion for Postal Service to retool, $1 billion for private industry to adapt), urges the government to "Zap the Zip."

■ News on the Right: **Donald Lambro**, whose blistering book *Fat City* Ronald Reagan recommended his Cabinet read, is this year's Heritage Foundation Distinguished Journalism Fellow. . . . The Intercollegiate Studies Institute's 1981 conference will feature talks by **Richard V. Allen**, Sen. **John East**, **Irving Kristol**, **George Gilder**, Dr. **Edward Teller**, Dr. **Ernest Lefever**, and **Joseph Sobran**. Time: May 15-16. Place: Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D.C. For further info write ISI, 14 S. Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.

■ And a Reagan quip you may have missed, at the **Gridiron Dinner** a couple of nights before he was shot, commenting on a certain lack of communication in his Administration: "Sometimes our right hand doesn't know what our far right hand is doing."

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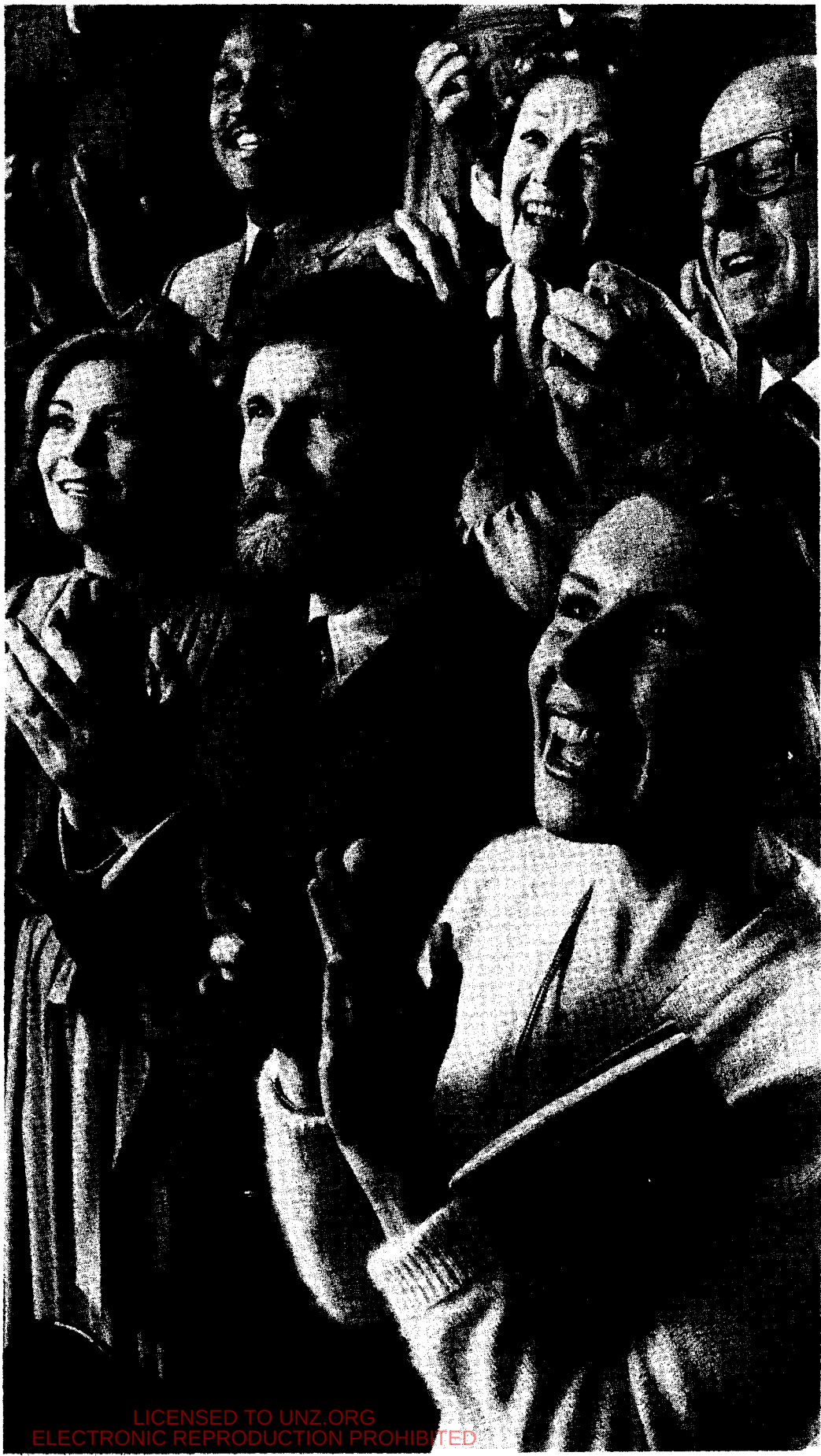

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THE WEEK

■ NOTES FROM THE VITAL CENTER: "We gave Hinckley the boot. He wanted to shoot people and blow things up"—spokesman for the National Socialist (Nazi) Party of America.

■ The minimum wage was raised in January. Teenage unemployment rose in January to the highest level in four years. Surprise.

■ One welcome casualty of the Reagan budget: the Legal Services Corporation. Founded in 1974 to provide lawyers and legal assistance to poor people who could not otherwise afford them, the LSC inflated itself into a federally subsidized left-wing pressure group. LSC lawyers filed splashy class-action suits in mediagenic cases—often (as in one California suit to repeal a school district's hair-length regulations) not even remotely relevant to poor people—while LSC staff mobilized troops for political lobbying. Their activism was fervent and open: Donald Bradley, former president, boasted at a conference on public-interest law of LSC's prowess at pushing for expanded federal programs; HEW and HUD "wouldn't stand a chance" at holding their budgets down, he said, if only LSC could be even better organized. Alarmed interoffice memos circulated after the election calling for a "committed, aggressive, and political staff," foreseeing "severe problems with the Senate," and parceling out lobbying assignments. If LSC dies, wrote columnist James J. Kilpatrick, a sometime supporter, "it will be said that Mr. Reagan and the New Right 'killed it off.' Don't believe it. This would be a case of suicide, not homicide. The Legal Services Corporation, through its own failure to heed repeated warnings against its own activism, will have done itself in."

■ Reviewing Wilfred Burchett's autobiography *Forty Years on the Cutting Edge of History* for the *New York Times Book Review*, Thomas Powers can hardly contain himself. Mr. Burchett is a man of "uncommon honesty" who all his life "responded with an almost childlike directness whenever he saw something that smacked of injustice." He has "talked at length with a great many people on the other side—Ho Chi Minh, Chou En-lai, Fidel Castro, Vo Nguyen Giap—and has devoted his life, often under conditions of peril and hardship, to understanding their point of view." Mr. Burchett has devoted his life, as it happens, to spreading Soviet propaganda, and he has taken extraordinary measures to concoct it. He invented the story of American germ warfare in Korea, and a former American POW has testified that Burchett personally worked with his captors until a false confession supporting Burchett's lies had been extorted by torture. Powers, author of a widely hailed exposé of the CIA, says his only regret is that he can't quite bring himself to say that Burchett is the moral and literary equal of George Orwell.

■ The government, by means unknown to mortal man, has determined that some 20 per cent of food stamps are obtained by fraud, which is near the average for such programs but far less than the government itself lifts from taxpayers, but never mind, the government thinks food stamps make "a significant contribution to the nutritional well-being of needy Americans," and in case you don't believe it, Congress enacted a special law several years ago letting you buy ice and cocktail mixes with your food stamps.

■ Gasoline prices jumped 10¢ or more per gallon at the pump following the Administration's decontrol measure. The oil companies are getting 15 per cent of the revenues. State and local governments are getting another 15 per cent. The Feds, thanks to Mr. Carter's "windfall profits" tax, get 70 per cent.

■ Give big dirty greedy polluting business a break. You've heard all about Love Canal, where Hooker Chemicals & Plastics wantonly poisoned Niagara Falls? According to a new study published in the libertarian magazine *Reason*, it wasn't the company's fault—it was the city's. Reporter Eric Zuesse found that Niagara Falls, the city, a) punched a sewer line through the Canal walls, letting chemicals seep into the neigh-

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"Well, so much for your theory that you save a bundle by using the Spanish side of the forms . . ."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The city's mood has already traveled from shock and sorrow, to icy rage, to a cold political calculus (where Washington always comes to rest) on the fallout of the assassination attempt.

■ For Ronald Reagan, the trauma was a major political plus. If courage is "grace under pressure," as Hemingway would have it, Reagan's jaunty, self-deprecating wit certainly epitomizes it, from the pre-surgery "Honey, I forgot to duck," to the post-surgery "All in all, I'd rather be in Philadelphia," a line from W. C. Fields when faced with a lynching in *My Little Chickadee*. Americans want their leaders to be courageous, but they also want them to wear their power lightly, and Reagan does so in spades. What emerges from this grisly episode, moreover, is the warmth of this man's feelings—would not most of us under such circumstances have been hostile, raging?—which will certainly endear him to the electorate. Members of Congress will recognize this, and that will work its own persuasion as they deliberate on the President's economic program.

■ Likewise for George Bush, the horrid event was a political plus. His statement from the White House press room was lean, statesmanlike, piercingly simple, and effectively reassuring. Bush also showed the good sense to refuse questions from the members of the press, letting the armchair civics professors among the journalists debate the niceties of presidential succession in their doctrinaire cocoons.

■ Lyn Nofziger was another big gainer from the March 30 horrors. At his hospital press briefing, Nofziger played the dealer's hand, and seemed practiced in the argot of journalistic speech, ethics, and rules of behavior. His manner said by implication: "Look, I know the game better than you do, so let's knock off the prima-donna and the district-attorney bit." A total absence of pretension, coupled with a rough but unmistakable integrity, reinforced Nofziger's control of the press zoo on that occasion. The effect of the post-surgery briefing (including Dr. Dennis O'Leary's segment) was to disarm much of the tension and the terror of that unforgettable afternoon.

■ For Secretary of State Alexander Haig, the assassination attempt on Ronald Reagan was a political minus of not inconsiderable gravity. Haig correctly wanted to signal the international community that the U.S. Government was not paralyzed, so he called a briefing in the White House press room, and very nervously took the platform. Incorrectly, he used the adverb "constitutionally" in his exposition of the Secretary of State's role as the third-ranking member of the government, which led the press—always hungry to see the faintest sign of power-jockeying—to think that Haig was talking about *succession*, whereas he was talking about *exercise* of power, within the Executive branch.

The upshot was that Haig involved himself once again in a turf flap, and the perception was renewed that his ambition is overweening. It is a bum rap, if you take the incident *in vacuo*. Unfortunately for Al, there is a context, namely a series of public political *bêtises* on his part. In the first ten weeks of the Reagan Administration, he has been involved in territorial disputes with George Bush, Cap Weinberger, John Lehman, Malcolm Baldridge, Drew Lewis, Richard Allen, Ed Meese, Jim Baker, and Bill Brock. These altercations have distracted public notice from the President's economic program, which is unfortunate, since that economic program (notably the 30 per cent income tax cut over three years) is going to need all the public notice it can get if it is going to pass.

■ To further complicate Al's life, he and Cap Weinberger squared off in an unseemly, albeit brief, squabble in the sit room at the White House just after Haig held his briefing. At issue: Who reads and understands the Constitution better, you or me? Haig's contribution to the exchange caused some disedification on the part of the Attorney General, the Secretary of the Treasury, and other onlookers. In a face-off with Cap —one that is reported after the fact to Dutch—there is no way that Haig can win. Old ties are the strongest, as Charlie Wick, the new head of USICA, will tell you.

What surprises Washington observers is that Haig, who lived at the elbow of Henry Kissinger as his deputy and survived that experience, and who has held major positions of responsibility fraught with political twists and turns, should now appear so unversatile politically. Al can turn this situation around, but it won't be easy. He has practically no margin for error left, and who likes to live with a sword of Damocles oscillating precariously over his head? Nevertheless, we're predicting survival for Alexander Meigs Haig. —CATO

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borhood sewer system, b) ignored the company's many warnings about the hazards involved, c) refused the company's pleas that the land be used only as a park, and d) used the threat of eminent domain to force the company to sell the land to the Board of Education. All the same, the Justice Department and the EPA have filed a $124.5-million suit against Hooker, which Zuesse says "may well have been the only party to the affair to behave responsibly."

■ The Census Bureau reported last week that a third of the households in this country now receive non-cash federal benefits such as Medicare, food stamps, and low-cost housing. Millions more receive indirect subsidies from government spending: employees in defense and other contract industries, loans to students, loans to Chrysler. All told, more than half the population is more or less dependent on one or another government program. That's a safety net?

■ The *New York Times* has published an article by Doan Van Toai ("A Lament for Vietnam," *New York Times Magazine*, Mar. 29), a South Vietnamese dissident who was popular with the American peace movement. Eight years after the withdrawal of American troops, he's writing the story of his re-education. When the Communists took Saigon, Toai was assigned the job of helping to expropriate all private property.

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(He had had banking experience.) When he realized that that meant taking the property of peasants as well as of American "collaborators," in an act of almost unbelievable innocence he resigned from the Communist Party and in due course was sent to a torture camp. Now Toai is at Tufts University writing a book about his experiences and wondering why Americans are so little agitated over Hanoi's elephants, having strained so heavily over Saigon's gnats.

■ Exxon Corporation recently announced a 1 per cent dip in annual profits, or a net drop of 13 per cent after inflation. Congress has yet to launch a major investigation.

■ OVERDUE. A committee of admirers (Chairman, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.; Vice Chairman, James L. Buckley; Lewis Lehrman; Jeremiah Milbank; William Simon; Frank Shakespeare) are sponsoring a gala dinner tribute to Conservative Party founder J. Daniel Mahoney (he is also *NR*'s counsel, and member of the board of directors of *NR*). Principal speaker, Vice President George Bush. Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, May 7, tickets ($200 per person) available from Joseph R. Burkart, Polytechnic Institute of New York, 333 Jay Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201. The gang will all be there. Come one, come all.

■ MEMO TO OUR READERS. A great emergency. We have no extra copies of the March 20, 1981 issue for either our office or next year's Bound Volumes. We would be very grateful if instead of tossing your copies away, you sent them to us collect, care of Ed Capano, 150 E. 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

■ ARTICLES WE'LL PASS UP THANK YOU DEPT.: "Why Reagan Is Not a Real Conservative," by I. F. Stone, in the *Village Voice*.

■ Social Security, the gleaming triumph of the New Deal and the world's biggest pyramid swindle, is due to run out of cash in 1983—notwithstanding ten straight years of tax hikes. By 1986, it is projected to be $63 billion in the red. By 2000, it will run out of bodies to tax while the baby boom generation reaches retirement age.

■ A former madam in San Antonio, who wants to enter politics, is off to a fine start. First she proposed to raise funds for her campaign by accepting $1,000 contributions from former customers who wouldn't want to see her list of their names published. But a judge took away the list. Now she's suing to overturn the terms of her probation, which do not allow a former madam to hold office. How can she lose? Neither the Constitution nor the laws were ever designed to keep whores out of office.

Losers, Weepers

If you bleed for the poor and the aging
But the middle class gives you a pain;
If minorities turn on your spigots
But a taxpayer triggers disdain;
If you're yearning to serve in a ghetto
But go frigid with average adults,
You've been going through Kleenex like crazy
Since the recent election results.

W. H. VON DREELE

Reagan's Finest Hour

Ronald Reagan has exorcised the national nightmare. He looked it in the eye and cracked some jokes. His own sanity was overwhelming, and the baggy, neurotic devils of self-hatred slunk back into the shadows. We are not, repeat not, a sick society, Reagan told us with his jokes. His own behavior provided an exemplary metaphor. We cannot be defeated, at home or abroad, if we refuse to be defeated.

"Honey, I forgot to duck," he said when he first saw his wife. Distraught, she was reassured. "Who's minding the store?" he asked his assembled aides, reassuring them too—and also reminding them that there is a store which they must mind. As he went into the operating room he quipped to the surgeons, "I hope you're all Republicans." (One of the physicians—as reported by the magnificent Dr. Dennis O'Leary, hospital spokesman—responded with answering style: "Today everyone is a Republican.") And when Reagan came out of surgery he once again reassured us with a joke: "All in all, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

Reagan knew with his utterly sure instinct that on Monday afternoon the nation itself had once again been wounded psychically. Suddenly, in a psychic explosion, all of those old images burst again into the national consciousness, magnified by television, turned into terrible metaphors. Kennedy in the open car. Ruby and Oswald. King in Memphis. Funeral trains. Bobby in Los Angeles. Squeaky Fromme. The Moore woman. Hours and hours of TV coverage. Once again, this time, the idiot chorus began to warm up. Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey, who seems intent these days on turning himself into a walking banality, intoned that we are a sick society. Dan Rather, who might as well have been nude on CBS-TV, all but fantasized a coup by Al Haig, blah, blah, blah.

With his jokes and his courage and his sanity Rea-

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gan said in effect, "Cut it out, boys. Grow up." He quipped that the shooting had ruined a favorite suit. Surrounded by squads of physicians, he said that if he'd had this much attention in Hollywood he might have stayed there.

Reagan did not have to say so directly, and indeed he made his point more powerfully by making us say it ourselves: The United States is the most stable republic in the history of the world. It was thus designed by its founders. Four of its Presidents have been killed in office, and others have been the targets of assassins. But all transitions have been remarkably peaceful and orderly. The great ship of the Republic sails on through all seas, however stormy. It cannot be sunk by a .22 slug.

The day after surgery, the President signed a bill eliminating an increase in dairy price supports. The Reagan revolution rolls forward, picking up momentum. Runaway legal services to be cut back. Crazy requirements for ramps and lifts for wheelchairs canceled. A more balanced policy toward southern Africa. A larger role for private initiative in park lands. A growing national consensus, now acknowledged to be irresistible, for across-the-board budget cuts. We have the momentum, the President was telling us by his cool, steady behavior. Let us not be distracted.

In a single afternoon, as we say, Ronald Reagan exorcised what might be called the "Kennedy nightmare," the view that absurdity controls our destiny. He proved that a physical wound need not be a spiritual wound, and from his bed in the George Washington University Hospital he reminded America of what it actually is. We cannot remember when an American statesman has so naturally exhibited the virtue of grace under pressure.

Long Knives II

One of the first things President Reagan did was to warn his Cabinet against letting the "permanent government" (the bureaucracy) take control of policy. In spite of this warning, Drew Lewis, the non-Reaganite Secretary of Transportation, was captured by his bureaucracy within hours of his appointment. On January 28, just eight days into the new Administration, Secretary Lewis called a meeting of a half-dozen Cabinet members—including the powerful Secretary of the Treasury—at the Department of Transportation (DOT) to hear Deputy Assistant Secretary Charles Swinburn, a Carter holdover, present his case for auto-import quotas against the Japanese. Treasury Secretary Don Regan was stunned at finding himself called to a meeting to listen to a low-level Carter holdover make a pitch for a policy that is in direct contradiction to the Administration's overall policy.

Memo to Arthur Burns

Dear Dr. Burns:
Though you complain
That Stockman gives you stomach pain,
Neuralgia, nagging back, and gout,
He's someone we can't do without.
So be a sport, wrap up your toes,
Take aspirin and hold your nose,
Then testify for lower rates.
I bet that throbbing moderates.

W. H. VON DREELE

Over the next month Treasury and OMB officials watched incredulously as the auto import quota issue pushed the President's novel economic policy package (monetary restraint, tax cuts, budget cuts, and regulatory cuts) off the agenda. By the first week in March the Administration's attention had been completely diverted from cutting taxes toward resisting the rush toward protectionism.

Administration officials are puzzled about why the White House staff let Drew Lewis allow a Carter holdover to put the entire Administration in a reactive position, especially over what is a no-win issue for the President. This was a major political blunder. Since the Cabinet is split, with Treasury, OMB, State, and CEA (Council of Economic Advisors) lined up against the "garbage agencies" (DOT, Labor, etc.), the decision has now reached the President in full view of the public and the press. If the free-market-oriented President sticks up for free trade and makes the right policy decision, he will be said to favor the interests of the Japanese worker over the U.S. worker. If he makes the wrong policy decision in order to avoid this political charge, he will be sending a signal that he has no faith that his economic policy package will bring recovery to the auto industry along with the rest of the economy. Furthermore, giving in on the quota issue opens the door to a long line of other supplicants, each with a bailout proposal for his industry. Before the Administration is three months old, it runs the risk of having its new economic policy pushed aside by the resurrection of *ad hoc* economic management on an issue-by-issue, crisis-by-crisis basis.

Experienced Washington politicians do not understand why Drew Lewis got no telephone call from the White House telling him to cool it on this issue and refrain from getting out in front of the President—especially since Martin Anderson's close friend and right-hand man, Darrell Trent, holds the second highest post in DOT. Administration officials are wondering if this is a sign that the White House staff is too ambivalent toward the supply-side approach to de-

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A Tribute to the Conservative Movement

Excerpts from President Reagan's remarks to the Conservative Political Action Conference, the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D.C., March 20.

It has been said that anyone who seeks success or greatness should first forget about both and seek only the truth—and the rest will follow. Well, fellow truth-seekers, none of us here tonight can argue with that kind of logic. For whatever history does finally say about our cause, it must say: The conservative movement in twentieth century America held fast through hard and difficult years to its vision of the truth.

And history must also say that our victory, when it was achieved, was not so much a victory of politics as it was a victory of ideas, not so much a victory for any one man or party as it was a victory for a set of principles—principles that were protected and nourished by a few unselfish Americans through many grim and heartbreaking defeats.

Who can forget that July night in San Francisco when Barry Goldwater told us that we must set the tides running again in the cause of freedom "until our cause has won the day, inspired the world, and shown the way to a tomorrow worthy of all our yesteryears?" Had there not been a Barry Goldwater willing to make that lonely walk, we would not be talking of a celebration tonight.

But our memories are not just political ones. I like to think back about a small, artfully written magazine named NATIONAL REVIEW—founded in 1955 and ridiculed by the intellectual establishment because it published an editorial that said it would stand athwart the course of history yelling "stop." And then there was a sprightly written newsweekly coming out of Washington named *Human Events* that many said would never be taken seriously but would later become "must reading" not only for Capitol Hill insiders but for all of those in public life.

There are so many people and institutions who come to mind for their role in the success we celebrate tonight. Intellectual leaders like Russell Kirk, Friedrich A. Hayek, Henry Hazlitt, Milton Friedman, James Burnham, and Ludwig von Mises shaped so much of our thought. It is especially hard to believe that it was only a decade ago, on a cold April day on a small hill in upstate New York, that another of these great thinkers, Frank Meyer, was buried.

He had made the awful journey that so many others made: he pulled himself from the clutches of "The God That Failed," and then in his writing fashioned a vigorous new synthesis of traditional and libertarian thought—a synthesis that is recognized by many today as modern conservatism. It was Frank Meyer who reminded us that the robust individualism of the American experience was part of the deeper current of Western learning and culture.

He pointed out that a respect for the law, an appreciation for tradition, and regard for the social consensus that gives stability to our public and private institutions—these civilized ideas—must still motivate us even as we seek a new economic prosperity based on reducing government interference in the marketplace.

Because ours is a consistent philosophy of government, we can be very clear: we do not have a separate social agenda, a separate economic agenda, and a separate foreign agenda. We have one agenda. Just as surely as we seek to put our financial house in order and rebuild our nation's defenses, so too we seek to protect the unborn, to end the manipulation of schoolchildren by utopian planners and permit the acknowledgement of a Supreme Being in our classrooms.

During our political efforts, we were the subject of much indifference and oftentimes intolerance—that is why I hope our political victory will be remembered as a generous one and our time in power will be recalled for the tolerance we showed those with whom we disagreed.

But beyond this, we have to offer America and the world a larger vision. We must remove government's smothering hand from where it does harm; we must seek to revitalize the proper functions of government. But we do these things to set loose again the energy and ingenuity of the American people. We do these things to reinvigorate those social and economic institutions which serve as a buffer and a bridge between the individual and the state—and which remain the real source of our progress as a people.

And we must hold out this exciting prospect of an orderly, compassionate, pluralistic society—an archipelago of prospering communities and divergent institutions—a place where a free and energetic people can work out their own destiny under God.

We have heard in our century far too much of the sounds of anguish from those who live under totalitarian rule—we have seen too many monuments made not of marble or stone but of barbed wire and terror. But from these terrible places have come survivors—witnesses to the triumph of the human spirit over the mystique of state power, prisoners whose spiritual values made them the rulers of their guards. With their

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survival, they brought us "the secret of the camps"—a lesson for our time and for the age: Evil is powerless if the good are unafraid.

That is why the Marxist vision of man without God must eventually be seen as an empty and a false faith—the second oldest in the world—first proclaimed in the garden of Eden with whispered words of temptation: "Ye shall be as gods."

The crisis of the Western world, Whittaker Chambers reminded us, exists to the degree in which it is indifferent to God. "The Western world does not know it," he said about our struggle, "but it already possesses the answer to this problem—but only provided that its faith in God and the freedom He enjoins is as great as Communism's faith in men."

We have come to a turning point. We have a decision to make. Will we continue with yesterday's agenda and yesterday's failures, or will we reassert our ideals and our standards, reaffirm our faith, and renew our purpose? This is a time for choosing.

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fend the President's policy against raids mounted by special-interests advocates.

Supply-siders themselves are disturbed by stories planted with Steven Rattner of the *New York Times* by White House staff. The "Rattner column" repeats over and over the same themes: 1) supply-siders have been handed a string of policy defeats by "conventional economists" in the White House, 2) David Stockman (OMB Director) is no longer a supply-sider and was instrumental in preventing wild supply-side forecasts from destroying the credibility of the Reagan Administration, and 3) Treasury Secretary Regan has no influence because he listens to supply-siders.

Supply-siders see these stories as an attack on the President's economic policy itself, dressed in the feeble disguise of an attack on supply-siders. OMB Director Stockman sees the planted stories as an attempt to isolate him from his constituency and allies. Treasury Secretary Regan sees the stories as attempts to downgrade the influence of Treasury by driving a wedge between him and his subcabinet. "Before long," says one Administration official, "Dave Stockman and Don Regan are going to eat the White House staff alive, and they will start with Dave Gergen." Gergen, who labeled Candidate Reagan's supply-side policy as "voodoo economics," is now a top White House staffer. The supply-siders see no evidence that he has changed his mind about their being witchdoctors, and they suspect him of planting the divisive themes with Rattner.

—CATO

Delay on Abortion?

Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker says Senate Republicans have decided to wait till next year on social issues—abortion, school prayer, and the like. This year the Republicans will concentrate on the budget. President Reagan says he "can't quarrel" with Baker's priorities.

There is a certain case to be made for this strategy. It doesn't derogate the importance of abortion to say it is not the most urgent *political* issue. Abraham Lincoln thought slavery transcended all other questions, but he insisted that his immediate concern was to save the Union—with or without slavery. The Reagan Administration has a complex agenda to orchestrate. No one could blame it if it decided to defer abortion until a more timely moment.

All the same, there is strong support for an anti-abortion bill right now, and the Human Life Bill (see "On the Right," *NR*, March 20) is actually designed to serve as an interim solution for what will necessarily be a protracted battle. And it is by no means clear that Baker—whose record on abortion is almost identical with that of Edward ("personally opposed") Kennedy—has the Republican support for delay he claims. Certainly the canny Jesse Helms won't be sitting still on this one. The HLB could be out of committee before July, a good three months before Congress recesses.

No More Vietnams

According to Representative Clarence D. Long (D., Md.), "This Administration is making the same kind of mistakes [in El Salvador] that an Administration of my own party was making 18 years ago." Now, what was it that Congressman Long's Administration (Kennedy's) did in Southeast Asia in the early 1960s? The conceptual shape of our eventual disaster was actually determined by three events that took place in September and October of 1961:

1. W. Averell Harriman, Kennedy's delegate to the Geneva Conference on Laos, accepted assurances from Khrushchev's delegate, Georgi Pushkin, that the USSR would guarantee Communist compliance with neutralization of Laos and that North Vietnam would withdraw its forces.

2. Confident that this would stop infiltration by making Laos a benign buffer for South Vietnam, Harriman cabled Kennedy that the problem in South Vietnam should be handled internally, rather than externally by U.S. forces in Laos.

3. Accordingly, Kennedy approved only internal support to South Vietnam (plus clandestine counter-insurgency U.S. air units, which generated the "credibility gap"), but not the proposed troops to "man the

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northern borders against infiltrators." He was told by General Taylor that, "Future needs . . . depend upon the settlement in Laos . . . and whether we accept as legitimate the continued . . . support of a guerrilla war across an international boundary while the attacked react only inside their borders." Kennedy did not specifically disapprove the troops, but kept his options open—he "let it slide," in Roger Hilsman's revealing description. Thus, Kennedy tried to finesse Hanoi's attack, hoping to pick up the trick next year with the Geneva queen. Result: the basic strategic decision never was made and our policy never escaped from the "gambit limbo."

The trouble was, Hanoi held a king (failure to withdraw) and Moscow an ace (readiness to cover for Hanoi). The finesse failed, and the pattern was set. Rather than pull out of the game (bad for the image after the Bay of Pigs and Berlin Wall) or use our trumps (cutting Hanoi off from access to South Vietnam), we played the game in the other side's suit. We preserved the "façade" of the Geneva Accords, hoping that present failure might lead to future success. When? After we had "hurt Hanoi" enough to convince it victory was impossible and negotiation essential. Meanwhile, to stay in the game we kept playing more cards: eventually half a million ground troops—without trumps because they were in the wrong place—and thousands of airmen over the right place—Laos—but without trumps because they had no allies on the ground.

This was not inevitable. In early 1963, Kennedy's suspended decision of 1961 could have been replaced by a strategic decision either to cut our losses or to insulate the South against aggression. But it was becoming habitual to give tactics its head and let the strategic direction emerge as it might.

Lessons? Yes, indeed, President Reagan and Secretary Haig please take note:

1. Don't let our strategy depend on the cooperation of the enemy. He may not be willing to cooperate. Then what?

2. Strategy should encompass both external and internal elements and deal effectively with both or, failing that, tell you when to cut your losses or enlarge the arena.

3. Learn from the Soviets, who know something about it. The Brezhnev Doctrine explicitly takes into account both "external and internal forces." We need no Brezhnev Doctrine, but we do need to understand the external-internal nexus.

4. When tactics determine strategy, the result is, e.g., to send pilots over an *external* triple-canopy jungle where they can hit but little, while American soldiers are fed incrementally into an *internal* simulated insurgency meatgrinder. Result: We slipped unwittingly into a role which would have been more suitable for the colonial French. Lesson: Don't slide sloppily into the role of the last player to lose.

5. Be serious. The Communists play for keeps. There will be no replays. Options kept too long dissolve. Hang our public image on our actions; don't build our strategy around a PR image.

No more Vietnams? Amen!

The Big Cats

Though Haig may paw, Weinberger bang,
And Meese and Baker show a fang,
A lion-tamer never quails
Despite the snarls and switching tails;
For if the cats should calculate
The trainer's heading for the gate,
There's chaos in the cage ahead.
At least that's what Clyde Beatty said.

W. H. von Dreele

The English Case

The split in the British Labor Party, which has now issued in a breakaway Social Democratic Party, has theoretical significance of historic proportions. It represents a split between socialism and democracy, a split between those who put socialism first and those who put democracy first; and it further suggests that the two, finally, are incompatible.

The left wing of the Labor Party realizes that socialism cannot, 36 years after Clement Attlee's victory, be imposed by democratic means. State medical care, yes. Some state ownership, yes. Taxation, yes. But the whole socialist agenda, no, not even in a class-resentful, nearly bankrupt England. If socialism is to be imposed, therefore, the Tony Benn faction reasons correctly, it will have to be done without the votes, that is with force. Therefore they have devised a strategy of making an end-run around Parliament, of short-circuiting representative government. This is to be accomplished by locating much of the power outside the regular constitutional structure, in the large trade unions and in the local militants. The trade-union "vote" will in reality be cast by a few union leaders; and the parliamentary representatives will be disciplined by the local militants through a process that amounts to recall.

The breakaway Social Democrats, led by Shirley Williams and Roy Jenkins, said goodbye to all that. On specific policies, such as preserving private education, some of the Social Democrats may be unsound. They sometimes retain the leveling virus, and the statist virus. But they have their main priorities straight,

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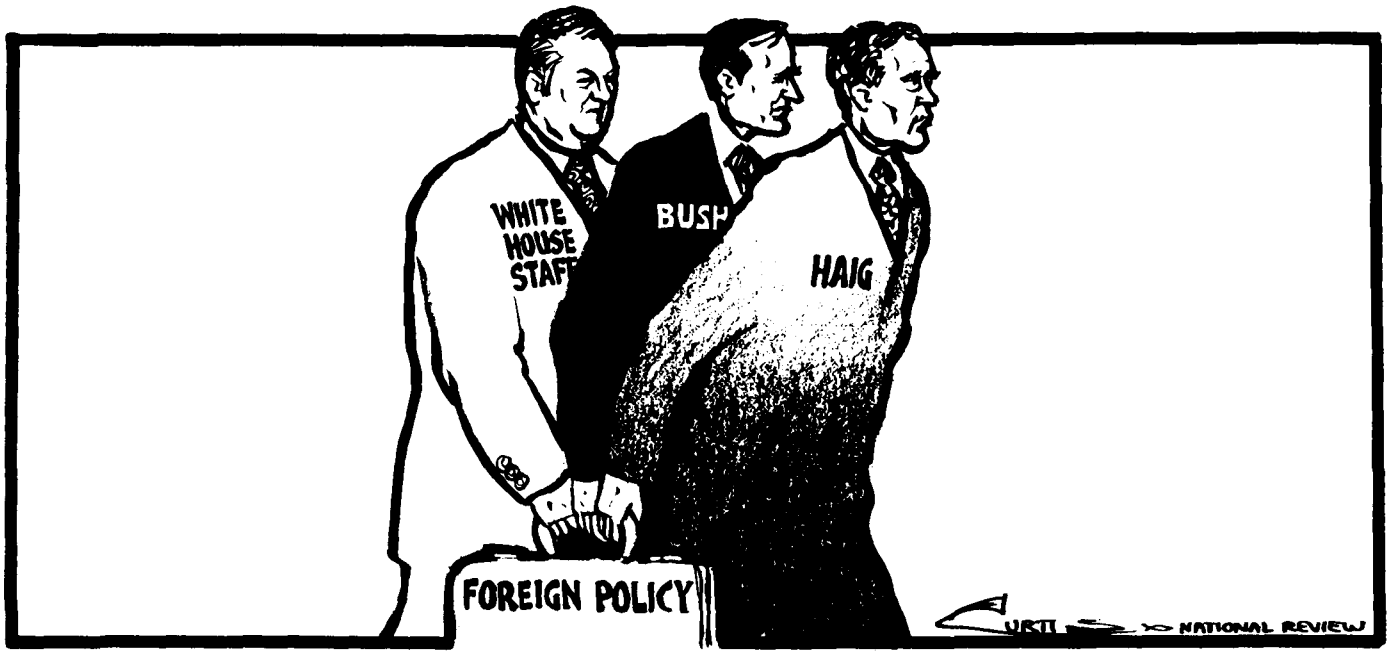

they belong to the West, and by insisting on representative constitutional government they may have dealt a mortal theoretical wound to the socialist imposition. They may not have formulated it to themselves in just these terms, but the meaning of their split is clear. You cannot have the socialist agenda without dictatorship.

Hede Massing, R I P

Hede Massing came from that very special world which produced a Richard Sorge, a Willi Schlamm, and a Bertolt Brecht. Brecht became a great Communist playwright, Sorge a great Soviet spy, and Schlamm a great *flâneur* of enthusiasms and ideas. Hede Massing fell in love with Sorge, and it was he who took her into that netherworld of Communist intrigue and espionage. If someone had asked her to discuss Marx's theory of surplus value, she would have smiled. But she had warmth and good looks, and an instinctive understanding of human nature, so she was valuable to the Party.

She recruited Noel Field, who took her to the Lincoln Memorial in Washington where at midnight he serenaded the Great Emancipator with the "*Internationale*." She met Alger Hiss as a fellow conspirator. She knew the names, dates, and places of the Soviet apparatus. Then the disillusionment, the realization of what Communism was about, struck her. She surfaced as a witness against Hiss in the second trial, which proved Whittaker Chambers right and Hiss wrong unto damnation. In time, she became part of the CIA's faceless bureaucracy.

But Hede Massing had the ability to laugh, which dismayed the liberals who reviled her. She never forgot that man survives only by the grace of God. Having been a part of the *apparat*, she never lost her concern over the future of her adoptive country, but if she was ever bitter it was not for long.

When she died, part of an era went with her. She had lived when Communism seemed to hold out a promise. She had survived the ordeal by fire of being a witness against the world's great evil. She had seen hope overcome by despair and hope returning. But at the moment of her passing from the temporal to the eternal, her comfort must have been that she had wrapped her life in courage. In our time's plague, certainly that was enough. —R. DE TOLEDANO

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A few philological points, from a Classicist, semi-unemployable:

1. Tell Mr. Oakes the *NR* reviewer mistook "to have relations in England" as he and the Queen did, with "to have relations in England": e.g., cousins, a maiden aunt, a Dutch uncle.

2. Tell Mr. Howland "Billygate, Koreagate," etc. are examples of *kenning*, as old as Old English before it was ever written: the Anglo-Saxon poets combined two shorter words, roots, stems, into a new term: e.g. Beo + wulf ("honey[bee] + wolf") = bear; whale + path = ocean; ayen ("again") + bite = remorse; in + wit

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("knowledge") = conscience. Christian England, Middle English, and modern slang continue it: junk ("valueless calories, or nearly so") + burgers ("meat and meat substitutes") = McDonald's, Hardie's, Burger Chef, and so on.

3. Tell Mr. Freeman your "gast"—in the aforementioned Anglo-Saxon, your soul, mind, spirit—gets "flabbered," an extended form of "flapped" = slapped, slammed, knocked speechless as a slap does to hysterical people (parallel to clobber = club).

4. Your own *ultima nocte*, in good (Classical, Ciceronian) Latin, spoils the joke, for *you* can't answer any more: it was your *last* night. Yesterday after dark in Latin is *heri vesperi*, "yesterday evening." Or possibly, if the *domina* was *that* good, it was an "ultimate" night of nights, another Latin sense.

5. Had Mr. Novak said, "and so (dark) is (that business about) God," Job, St. John of the Cross (*The Dark Night of the Soul*), and Abraham and Mary, who, like God the Father, gave up their only-begotten son, would clearly agree with him.

6. Some TV news clown stole Reagan's speechwriters' witticism ("A recession is when someone else loses his job; a depression is when you lose your job"), dropping (of course) Mr. Reagan's own addition (". . . and recovery is when Jimmy Carter loses his job"), and of course without acknowledgment. I was surprised ("flabbergasted") a network man had that much good, unsnide humor. We need Jokewatch, like Dr. Fred E. Dohrs's Newswatch, my source of sanity from (?) WJR Detroit, back in Ann Arbor, Michigan in '69-'73. He was great, much like his article: If NBC News said a key South Viet base on the way to Saigon had fallen, frightening all in that poor unHo-ly nation, Fred E. was right there on Newswatch (after local yokels, before Weather or Sports) to show us the town on the map, superimposed on the U.S. with Saigon by Detroit and the town way up in Hudson Bay, or halfway to Texas, if it was in the Mekong Delta.

7. Mr. Breithaupt is far advanced or far out in his reading of Solon's "progressive reforms": Solon abolished all current debts, ended "debt-slavery" of poor free Athenians who were reduced to "serfdom" by the usurious loans of the rich, and widened the franchise, democratizing the rights and responsibilities of each class (Breithaupt has the four classes right, but mixes up his noun-endings): the *pentacosiomedimnoi*, with the highest income—five hundred bushels of grain a year—could be archons, commanders politically and militarily, whether old-line aristocrats or Nouveau Ritchies; the *hippeis* could be cavalry knights, elite troops, being rich enough for a "horse" as well as the "yoke of oxen" the third class, *zeugitai*, were named for owning; the *theteis* or "laborers" in class four could now, thanks to Solon, vote, i.e., in Greek terms, be members of the *ecclesia*, the assembly of all citizens, and of the *heliaea*, the court of (direct, popular) appeals, and, though they could not hold office, they could choose leaders and (we should have it so good!) vote on their competence, honesty, fidelity, etc., as their public "trial" just before they left office. The Five Hundred (bushelers) held office *and* had to pay the cost of "liturgies," specific state and public services: outfitting a trireme (a *war*ship, *horribile dictu*), a chorus for the great Attic tragedy or comedy, a religious festival, a public gymnasium for all citizens, or Olympic-material athletes, and not evading this public service without a hearing before the people to make their excuses. All these citizens, by the way, were soldiers; the soldiers, in early Greece and Rome, *were* the citizens.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Brophy
Office of the Humanities
State University of New York
Syracuse, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am over ten and have just gotten around to reading your assertion on p. 316 of *Execution Eve* (the 1976 paperback by Berkley Windhover) "that Voltaire didn't say the one about how he would fight to the death for your right to say it." Are you saying only that Voltaire did not specifically commit himself to "fight" for someone's right to "write," or that he said nothing remotely similar? In his letter to M. le Riche, February 6, 1770, he did say: *"Je déteste ce que vous écrivez mais je donnerai ma vie que vous puissiez continuer à écrire."*

Perhaps you are only suggesting that Voltaire *borrowed* the phraseology from someone else? Please enlighten my rather stunted intellect (though I do enjoy reading what you write and hearing what you have to say).

Cordially,
Robert F. Smith
Independence, Mo.

P.S. I am not a conservative—indeed, I am an ACLU activist—and would like to keep on quoting the above (with proper attribution) to my friends and enemies.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I checked my memory against *Bartlett's* and found relief: "This sentence is not Voltaire's, but was first used in quoting a letter from Voltaire to Helvétius in *The Friends of Voltaire* (1906) by S. G. Tallentyre (E. Beatrice Hall). She claims it was a paraphrase of Voltaire's words in the *Essay on Tolerance*: 'Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege to do so too.'" *However*, a further check (in Norman Guterman's *A Book of French Quotations*, 1963) turns up your letter to the abbot, M. Riche. Very confusing, but unless the letter to Riche is a forgery, or unless Voltaire was plagiarizing, you would appear to be correct. Congratulations.

Best, **—WFB**

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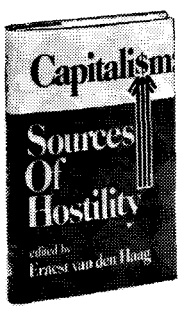

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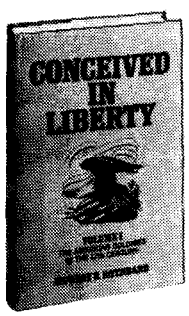

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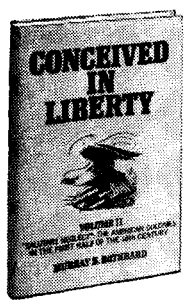

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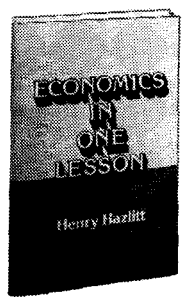

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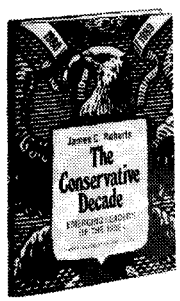

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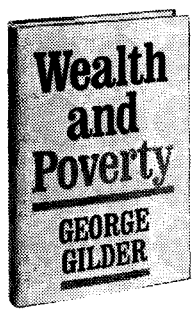

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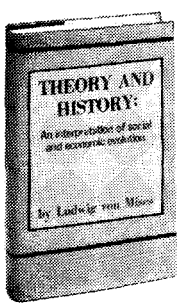

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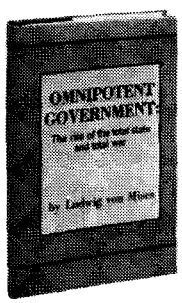

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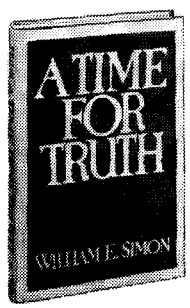

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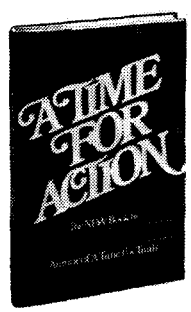

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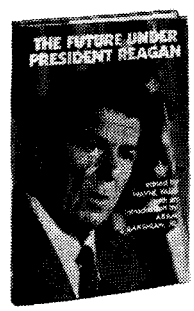

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The Current WISDOM

Small Is Beautiful

NEAL B. FREEMAN

We Americans are great ones for learning lessons. Give us a good Red scare or a land war in Asia or a third-rate break-in and we can learn more lessons over longer periods of time than any other people on the face of the earth. Relentlessly we self-improve, and in so doing, more often than not, we wobble from the course of national purpose. Just now, for instance, the nation is embarked on an intensive home study course in the lessons of the Japanese economy. Like most of our lessons, this one promises to be expensive.

The figures are available and we concede them. From a standing start thirty years ago, Japan, whose gross national product was then one-third that of France, has now surpassed the combined GNP of France and Britain. Bereft of natural resources, the island economy bounds ahead in an era of scarcity. Verily, a miracle! To which the tropistic American response is: *therefore*. As in: *Therefore* we should study the Japanese model and apply what we can learn to our own tired-blood economy.

Those lessons are now inscribed in the general media, which insist on giving all of us a semester of Econ 101 this spring. Lesson 1: Management by consensus. Lesson 2: Subordination of the individual to the group. Lesson 3: Working partnerships between business and government. Lesson 4: Agglomeration of economic units. Lesson 5: Centripetalization of power. Ultimately: The Corporate State, author of miracles. If it works for Japan, and indubitably it does, why shouldn't it work here?

We're glad you asked that question, for it seems to have gone unasked in some influential quarters. The White House, for example. When we read that the Administration has endorsed accelerated depreciation and chopped the Economic Development Agency and is staying up late agonizing over the decision to pluck the IV from Chrysler's spent frame, we wonder. Could it be that our leader, who has been wondrously wise in other matters, has allowed himself to be seduced by the corporate-state mentality? Does he resist the increasingly self-evident proposition that what is good for Chrysler is bad for the country?

The struggle between big business and small business runs far back in American politics, at least to the time of Jefferson and Hamilton. For decades stretching into centuries the Jeffersonians prevailed. Repeatedly, the Hamiltonians proved capable of short-term tactical victories—sneak attacks on the public treasury, as they are known to us Jeffersonians—but they could never uproot the cultural bias in favor of the strong-willed, industrious individual. After beating back the corporate-state challenge with the Sherman Antitrust Act in 1890, the Jeffersonians weathered big-business offensives even during World War I and the Depression, winning another notable victory in the Robinson-Patman Act.

The momentum of the last generation, however, has clearly shifted in favor of the Hamiltonians. World War II did much to glorify the power and demonstrate the efficiency of big business, and the postwar policies of the Eisenhower years lubricated its acceptance by the public at large. Small business went into an almost straight-line decline lasting three decades. Sometime during the Seventies, though, the trend-line pulled out of its dive and began to streak upward. Whereas in 1950 only 93,000 new corporations were formed, by the end of the last decade new concerns were opening their doors at the rate of 500,000 per annum. The National Science Foundation began sifting through the numbers and discovered that small business produced four times as many major innovations as medium-sized companies and 24 times as many as big business. Even more significantly, employment data from the early Seventies showed small business to be the principal generator of new jobs. (MIT's David Birch published a seminal study in 1979 tracing *two-thirds* of the total growth in U.S. employment to companies with fewer than twenty employees.) What we were witnessing was a major change—in economic growth, in cultural attitudes, in political power.

The reasons for this change are not yet perfectly clear, but the early evidence is suggestive. One factor, certainly, was the residue of those lessons from the Sixties. Nothing so discredited bigness in the popular mind-set as the Vietnam War. Children of the era perceived an unholy alliance among the agents of bigness—General Electric, General Dynamics, General Westmoreland, General Alienation. Many of these children skipped out of school to do their own thing; others stayed around long enough to pick up their diplomas and then compromised with the *Zeitgeist* by starting their own businesses.

Another factor, surely, was inflation, which sometime during the decade diminished as a threat and became accepted as a cost of doing business. Career-planning was turned upside down. Where the corporate career had once represented security to the cautious executive, it now represented risk. Caught in a whirlpool of mergers, acquisitions, and reorganizations, the corporate careerist could be game-planned out of a job over a weekend. On the upside, even if he managed to hang on to retirement age, he might find his pension eaten away by inflation. Security? What security? In an entrepreneurial environment, by contrast, he could exercise control over his own job and, who knows, might even make the quantum leap that inflation now demands of those seeking financial independence.

Still another factor, inevitably, was the tax structure. In 1978, taxes on capital gains were reduced to a maximum rate of 28 per cent, thanks to the vision of the late Representative William Steiger and the passivity of the former President Jimmy Carter. That seemingly modest change in the tax code has catalyzed a massive outpouring of venture capital, according to the *Venture Capital Journal*—from $39 million in 1977 to $570 million in 1978 to $900 million last year, the largest amount in our economic history. From whatever angle one viewed the results—jobs, productivity, growth, or (gulp) quality of life—what was good for small business was good for America. It was a lesson worth learning. □

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DENVER—The Copley News Service reported that United States Patents have now been issued to Wm. Trevaskis, California veteran electrical engineer, for his Vapor-Jet® brand water vapor injector (Pat. #4,119,062).

Trevaskis has developed what amounts to a 20 cents per gallon "rebate" on gasoline, by designing a low-cost injector for automobiles, light trucks, vans and recreational vehicles.

The Vapor-Jet® system has survived lab testing by a certified independent automotive testing laboratory. Test results showed miles per gallon improvement of 17.3 per cent on Trevaskis' 1971 Ford Galaxy and 13.3 per cent on a 1973 Olds Starfire.

Water injectors were developed to a highly refined state during World War II, to give combat planes increased speed and extended range. However, up to now, the low price of gas and the high cost and extremely difficult installation required for earlier injectors combined to make them unattractive for automobiles and light trucks.

The design of Trevaskis' new Vapor-Jet® is, on the other hand, very inexpensive ($29.95 + $3.00 shipping) and can be easily installed in ten to fifteen minutes.

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Vapor-Jet® operates very simply with no moving parts to wear out. It uses engine vacuum to pull outside air through a reservoir containing a water/methanol mixture which is attached to the car under the hood. This causes the fluid to bubble and splash forming a mist of water droplets and vapor in the upper part of the reservoir. This mist is then drawn by vacuum through a hose which is connected to any intake manifold suction hose. This connection is made very simply by our exclusive hypodermic-like injector nozzle which contains a regulator to allow just the right amount of mist to pass into the combustion chamber.

The introduction of this mist into the fuel air mixture has a cooling effect that increases the mixture density, extends the burning rate, and improves combustion efficiency. This eliminates ping (predetonation) and dieseling (after running of motor). Since steam is a good cleaner it also helps dissolve carbon deposits on the spark plugs and cylinder walls of older vehicles and helps prevent carbon buildup in new ones. Tests prove engine horsepower and octane ratings are increased with Vapor-Jet® because more fuel is converted into power producing energy. Vapor-Jet® combined with regular gas gives "premium" results.

How much mileage increase can be expected?

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Will Vapor-Jet® fit all cars and is it easy to install?

Yes. Vapor-Jet® is easily installed on all domestic and foreign cars, vans, light trucks, R.V.s, campers, motor homes, and small boats. It will work on fuel injection, lean burn cars and cars with turbo chargers and super chargers and rotary engines. It will also work with unleaded gas, gasohol, or propane burning cars. The same kit fits all cars and contains everything needed. Simple installation instructions with a diagram are included and even a novice should be able to install it in less than 10 minutes. Simply take an ice pick or drill and make a small hole through any intake manifold suction hose (i.e.; PCV hose, brake assist hose, vacuum advance hose, etc.). Screw the injector nozzle into the hole, mount the reservoir by means of the bracket and screw supplied and connect the reservoir to the injector nozzle by means of the hose supplied. If you don't want to install it yourself most service stations will for a few bucks.

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Allied Divergencies

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE BRACING WIND blowing into Europe from across the water is proving too tough for some Europeans to take, enfeebled as they were by the low-velocity, lukewarm breezes of the Carter years.

The main areas of divergence are these: weapons and relations with the USSR; Latin America; Africa; and the Middle East. Not bad for a short list.

Personally, I welcome the new toughness from Washington and only hope that it will not weaken in the face of whimpers from Europe. Leaving aside the splendid opening salvos from Reagan and Haig, it was refreshing to read what Deputy Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci said at a NATO seminar in Munich on February 21. He called for a far greater contribution from Europe to the common defense effort in the face of a global threat. After all, as he pointed out, the GNP of the European Economic Community (EEC) now slightly exceeds that of the United States—a state of affairs far different from the one obtaining in 1949, when the North Atlantic Treaty was signed.

One delegate who gave him maximum backing was Geoffrey Pattie, a junior Defense Minister in Britain, who spelled out the global nature of the threat in unambiguous terms.

The New Appeasement

One thing the Thatcher government is strong on is defense, but not all Europeans are so staunch. Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the German Foreign Minister, is firm on defense, NATO, and the American alliance; but Chancellor Schmidt is under increasing pressure from the left wing of his party to avoid any kind of provocation to the Soviet Union, not to deploy the new generation of theater nuclear weapons, and in general to behave as though detente had not been exploded as a one-way conduit for Western and Japanese technology to feed the Soviet economy and war machine.

Moreover, some of the party's leftists, in particular its president, ex-Chancellor Willy Brandt, are heavily involved in the increasingly dubious activities of the Socialist International, which has become a major vehicle for the current Soviet "peace" campaign (where "peace" campaign means Western disarmament and abandonment of the neutron bomb, mini-nukes, Pershing IIs, the cruise missile, and so forth).

France, as always, is France. President Giscard d'Estaing is very strong on defense, but, in the Gaullist tradition, even stronger on independence. He has his electoral battle to consider, and he will not want to appear in public to be beastly to Brezhnev, whatever he may feel in private.

The peace campaign is at its height in Holland and Belgium, and altogether the European members of the Alliance hardly seem in a mood to heed Mr. Carlucci's stirring words.

It is much the same, only worse, over Latin America and Africa. Having published the evidence of Cuban involvement on the side of the Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries in El Salvador which Carter's State Department kept to itself, Secretary of State Haig dispatched a strong team, headed by Lawrence Eagleburger, to Europe to explain why the Reagan Administration took the matter seriously and proposed to do something about it, and about the whole Cuban subversive effort in Central America.

Schmidt's Social Democrats are much involved in sending aid to the Salvadoran rebels, some of it through the Ebert Foundation. In France, the proposition that aiding Marxist-Leninists is a bad thing does not automatically produce the right reaction. *Le Monde* (which under its guise of greyness and rectitude is now a left-wing apologist) had a nasty editorial about it on February 18, and followed up with expressions of alarm over the new look in foreign policy in Washington. For good measure, it ran an attack on Dr. Ernest Lefever for holding the wrong views on "human rights," and on the Administration for having given the human-rights slot to a man who was not going to earn his keep.

As for Africa, the Europeans, British in the lead, are much upset by the South African decision to walk out of the peace talks on Namibia in Geneva some weeks ago. The reasoning is commercial and diplomatic, not strategic. It goes like this: the emergence of Zimbabwe showed you can do business with Marxist guerrillas; therefore you can do business with that nice Sam Nujoma of SWAPO in Namibia; therefore the South Africans should be good boys and pull out; and if they don't, the UN is going to call for sanctions against South Africa; and even if the U.S. says no, *we* are going to have to say something, and we would rather not have to declare ourselves, still less to say we are against sanctions; for if we do, all those juicy Nigerian contracts will go down the drain, probably to the cynical French; and in all this the position of Jonas Savimbi and his UNITA guerrillas in southern Angola is an irritating irrelevance.

At Stake in Namibia

The counter-argument, with which the U.S. Administration is surely very familiar, is this: the real priority is to stop SWAPO coming to power in Namibia; for if they do, South Africa will be totally isolated, and the West cannot survive without South Africa's minerals; moreover, if Namibia goes, the South African hold on the strategic harbor of Walvis Bay will become tenuous, and Admiral Gorshkov will start rubbing his hands; moreover, with SWAPO in power Savimbi will be outflanked and starved of supplies; so the real priority is Angola: give Savimbi and the other Angolan guerrillas operating in the north maximum aid and the whole Cuban effort in Africa can be nullified, and possibly SWAPO can be finished off into the bargain.

Then there is the dispute over priorities in the Middle East. Haig points out that the real problem is the Soviet threat. The EEC wants to solve the Palestine issue first, which means negotiating with the PLO. I shall return to this last theme.

Meanwhile, a thought. The only way to make the Europeans think strategically instead of for short-term commercial advantage is for the United States to stay firm. The British, for one lot, would be forced to come into line. And the others might follow suit, in due course. □

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William Rusher, David Keene and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

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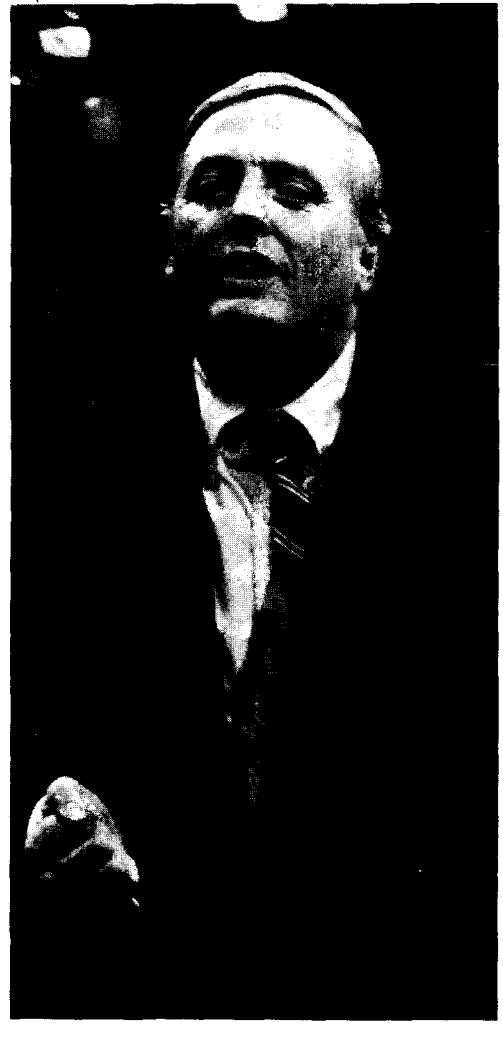

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UP FROM RIPON

A 'Progressive's' Progress

BRUCE CHAPMAN

TWO YEARS AGO, George Gilder sought escape from a bitter winter and the telephone in western Massachusetts and came out to Seattle with his family to try to write a book. While he was sequestered in the tiny apartment my wife, Sarah, and I keep in the Pike Place Market District, and later at my in-laws' farm on Vashon Island, the prose pent up in George for many months broke through like that year's sudden spring. *Wealth and Poverty* came blossoming forth.

Those sunny days together on Puget Sound took me back a ways, to the early Sixties at Harvard when George and I founded a moderate Republican magazine called *Advance*, and later, when we wrote *The Party That Lost Its Head*, an indignant account of the Goldwater years. Back then, we attacked the Democrats, of course, and tried to outline a program of Republican "constructive alternatives," but no one—especially the liberal "press," as the media were known then—was interested in that. What did excite interest were our criticisms of our own party. We were conspicuously outraged by "the Southern Strategy," which, we said, meant "hitching the party's wagon to the falling star of segregation. We didn't like the bad manners of the "Radical Right." Most of all, we deplored the Republican Party's negativism, the contempt for research and new ideas.

Who Changed?

What had happened, I wondered, as I read the manifestly conservative manuscript of *Wealth and Poverty*. Did the times change, did the conservatives change, or did George change?

Certainly the times had changed. To be a "moderate Republican" after the early Sixties, and not to keep redefining one's views in response to the changing fashions, necessarily meant finding oneself further and further to the right. The grotesque economic and social dislocations described in *Wealth and Poverty*, from the explosion of government spending and taxation to the New Class permissiveness and family breakup that are the chief legacies of the Great Society and the New Left, occurred after the days George and I wore buttons proclaiming, "I am an Extreme Moderate." So did the appalling erosion of America's military strength and international purpose.

But the conservatives have changed, too. George and I once rather stridently rebuked two policy influences on Barry Goldwater: Karl Hess, who came up with the famous line, "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice," and William J. Baroody, the founder of the American Enterprise Association (now the American Enterprise Institute), whose works we found "simplistic." Hess proved worthy of our scorn when he flipped out and over to the New Left. But Baroody and his AEI turned out to be one of the most puissant instruments of the subsequent intellectual regeneration of the Right. Moreover, AEI was just one force for new thought in the GOP. By 1980, the "Stupid Party" epithet Gilder had hurled against the Republicans in the Sixties (borrowing John Stuart Mill's line on the Tories) was being dusted off once more, but by Senator Pat Moynihan, who laid it on the Democrats.

In the Eighties, too, few conservatives would defend segregation or oppose equal opportunity, as many did twenty years ago. By the same token, the George Gilders, who earlier insisted on fair housing and employment opportunities for minorities (not to mention voting-rights guarantees), were later quite able to distinguish between such equal-*opportunity* laws and the liberals' forced-busing and job-quota schemes for equal *results*. It is in this atmosphere that a black intellectual, Thomas Sowell, could become a conservative spokesman in this country, and the Republican National Committee, under Bill Brock, could find the principles that make expansion of the party's ethnic base acceptable—indeed a source of enthusiasm—at last.

Within the Republican Party, too, the virulent factional strife is mostly gone. There are real differences, but with greater party consensus has come greater tolerance for occasional doctrinal dissent. Without sacrifice of principles, Barry Goldwater in defeat became a sage statesman. In victory, the new Mr. Conservative, Ronald Reagan, also revealed magnanimity, with the effect of securing his base by enlarging it. William F. Buckley seems mellower now than one remembers him. Perhaps it's harder to be an iconoclast when you have taken over the church.

Which brings us back to Gilder; did *he* change? To some extent, the answer is yes.

For one thing, George spent a great many hours after the election carnage of 1964 interviewing Bill Buckley. He had always admired Buckley's writing, and he came to admire his views. Buckley took Gilder to the mountaintop, as it were. He even took him to Phoenix to visit Senator Goldwater, who graciously gave George an exhilarating airplane ride through the Grand Canyon. Old wounds were not probed, merely allowed to close.

Understanding Poverty

Then, too, the prospect of marriage changed George Gilder. Through several foiled romances, he had pondered the literature on human sexuality, until, horrified by the excesses of some feminists, he wrote the very successful *Sexual Suicide* (1973) and promptly was voted Male Chauvinist Pig of the Year. Subsequently, as a literary device, he turned a feminist argument on its head by treating single men statistically as an oppressed and brutalized faction in society (showing higher rates of mental illness, poverty, etc.), and wound up producing not a parody but a new insight into the importance of family life to masculine stability. That was *Naked*

Mr. Chapman, former Secretary of State in Washington State, is the author of several books and film scripts. He was a college roommate of George Gilder's.

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Nomads (1974). The accidental encounter in Albany with a young black who gave flesh to Gilder's statistics led George into a two-year personal study of the ghetto, the welfare syndrome, and the breakdown of families. The book that resulted, *Visible Man* (1978), was panned by most of the established critics who noticed it. But the work, a poignant and persuasive "nonficton novel," is worth reading (it should be reissued); and, in any event, Gilder could not have written *Wealth and Poverty* without it. To understand wealth he had to understand—as many liberals do not—the nature of its opposite.

But even while Gilder was adding economics to a subject file that already included sex, race, and the life of the poor, it was a growing personal appreciation of family life, after his and Nini's wedding in 1976, that suffused all his writing. Indeed, I see his latest book as a homage to his own immediate family and, additionally, as an almost elegaic memorial to the war-hero father who was killed in action when George was three.

George Gilder has always been a kindly man, if not always a responsible one. He is wrongly imagined by some critics as an unbending and cruel Puritan, an impression I attribute to an occasional tendency to overwrite when attempting humor, which can make him seem snide. But to see him changing the baby's diapers, washing the dishes, taking his brood off to the church he used to ignore, even to hear him argue gently with a foe, is to see a man at peace with himself.

Sweet Conformity

George's energy is more channeled now. The shambling, miserably forgetful Gilder I once knew would have made another absent-minded economist, Adam Smith, look like the Organization Man. (The story is told of George driving from Boston to Philadelphia to attend a track meet, and then flying home and wondering what had become of his car.) The old air of insouciant vulnerability remains, but the maddening personal disorder is mostly tamed. Gilder himself has found male "liberation" in front of the hearth, in the arms of sweet conformity. It makes him very conservative indeed.

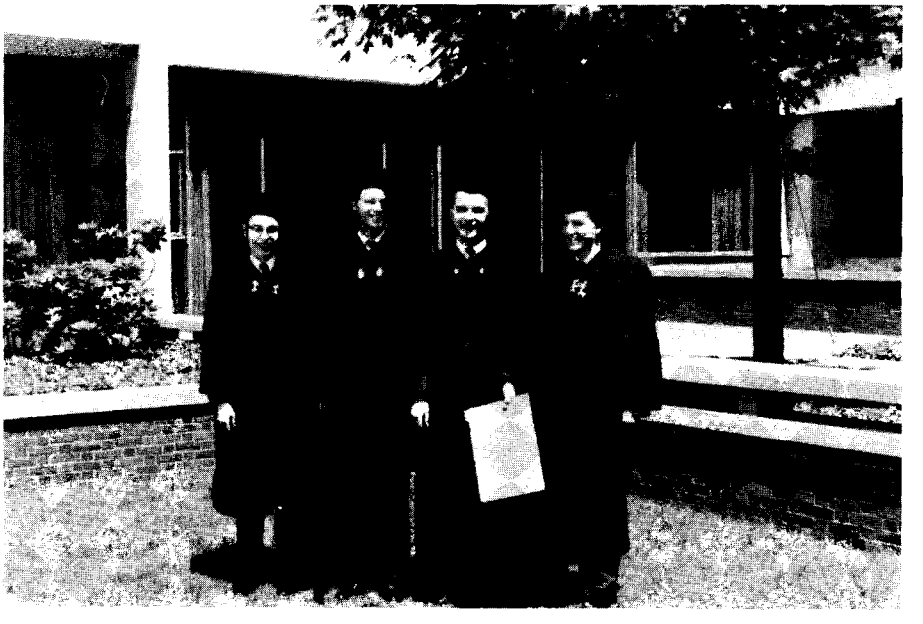
But in perhaps the most important sense—of political intentions—George Gilder has not changed much since the days he edited *Advance*, or, much later, the Ripon Society *Forum*. In the book we wrote together, George and I urged the "progressive Republicans" not to ape the Democrats. "Rather, the objective of the progressive Republican should be to transform the Republican Party into a responsible and effective conservative party and thus unify it, and make it into a party which advances its principles not only in *rhetoric* but in *fact*." George Gilder, starting as a "progressive," ultimately followed his own advice, and is today a conservative luminary.

The breakthrough came with supply-side economics, whose case Gilder makes so well in *Wealth and Poverty*. Reading the first draft two years ago, I realized that George had made the kind of synthesis of others' views and his own that could instill in the Republican Party the spirit of optimism and progress that had been lacking for at least a generation. I was surprised, thereafter, that most GOP candidates for President at first shunned the call for tax cuts designed to spur productivity and give citizens a renewed sense of personal power. When Ronald Reagan embraced the supply-side cause, and stuck with it all the way, one was treated to the amusing spectacle of the Republican Party's most forward-looking and hopeful issue position in years being tagged by old-line liberals as Far Right. Even "moderate" economists, and some "conservatives," muttered about "recklessness."

They should all heed the advice the President gave Bob Dole when he visited the Senator in the hospital with a copy of *Wealth and Poverty*: Read Gilder. Here, in large measure, are the unifying themes that can rescue the country: faith, family, and freedom. If they are served up with compassion as well as commitment, with patience as well as persistence, there is good reason to hope that they can unify the Republican Party and make it a permanent majority.

To Be Continued

George Gilder's progress isn't finished. More books must come. He needs to define further and better the "altruism" he sees in capitalism. Also, in another book, he needs to show the way back home for those miscreants he takes such satisfaction in calling to account for their waywardness. But who ever said revolutions are over as soon as the battlements are breached and a new flag has gone up? There's a lot of work to do out there; and George Gilder is just the man to do it. □



Harvard roommates, 1962. From left, J. Eugene Marans, now a Washington attorney; Thomas Petri, now a Republican congressman from Wisconsin; Bruce Chapman; and George Gilder.

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GEORGE GILDER'S WEALTH AND POVERTY: A SYMPOSIUM

IRVING KRISTOL • J. A. PARKER • JOHN CHAMBERLAIN • ALAN REYNOLDS

George Gilder's Wealth and Poverty, *widely praised and bitterly attacked, has been hailed as "promethean in its intellectual power and insight," and Gilder himself as "the most serious and articulate intellectual in the supply-side camp." In view of the importance of this book at a time when supply-side theories are being debated in Congress, we have asked four leading economists and intellectuals to comment on it: Irving Kristol, neoconservative, editor of* The Public Interest *and author of* Two Cheers for Capitalism*; J. A. Parker, president of the Lincoln Institute of Education and Research in Washington and editor of the black conservative journal* The Lincoln Review*; John Chamberlain, former* Fortune *editor, whose seminal* Roots of Capitalism *has just been republished by the Liberty Press; and former* NR *staffer Alan Reynolds, a vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago, and a leading theoretician of the supply-side school of economics.*

I. GILDER:

A New Look at Capitalism

IRVING KRISTOL

PERHAPS THE MOST important single quality of George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* is its tone. It is buoyant, exuberant even. Such good cheer in defending capitalism we have not seen since Malthus and Ricardo transmuted Adam Smith's basic optimism into a "dismal science." It is nice to see the idea of a free-market economy freed from the dialectical prison of orthodox economic theory, with its grim emphasis on the rational allocation of scarce resources, and to have that idea again associated with a vision of economic growth, as distinct from a scholastic analysis of distribution.

This association permits Gilder to recapture Adam Smith's original and revolutionary insight—that such economic growth permits everyone to "better his condition." One might say that Gilder has restored, not only the optimism of Smith, but what, for want of a better term, we might call his "populism." As a result of this reorientation, it is once again possible to think of capitalist economics as being the specific and legitimate property of "the party of hope." The larger political and ideological implications of such a change in our thinking hardly need elaboration.

It is truly remarkable that Gilder, in the course of teaching himself economics, has been able to think his way out of contemporary economic theory and to see, with a kind of innocent freshness, what capitalism is all about. It is about *economic growth as the consequence of entrepreneurship*, of all kinds, at all levels. Modern economic thought has little interest in entrepreneurship, which it ignores or takes for granted, because entrepreneurship cannot be calculated into the kind of economic aggregate that fits into the economist's sophisticated equations. It is no accident that the major proponents of what we call "supply-side economics" have had their origins outside (or at the margins of) the academic profession. A PhD in economics, as this subject is now taught in graduate schools, is only too likely to damage both one's perception and one's conception of economic reality. The United States has an abundance of such handicapped economists today, who are an oppressive nuisance.

There is one important point, however, on which I have to register a strong disagreement with Gilder. That is his pseudo-anthropological analysis of economic activity as inherently and ineluctably giving birth to a viable morality. It is certainly true that successful commercial activity is more often than not organically connected to the cultivation of such virtues as diligence, trustworthiness, prudence, the ability to defer gratification, etc. These are solid bourgeois virtues, if essentially utilitarian virtues, celebrated by merchants and businessmen for many, many centuries. (See Sombart's *Quintessence of Capitalism.*) But they do not add up to a complete moral code that a society can base itself on. Not only are certain virtues neglected—where is charity? physical courage? patriotic self-sacrifice?—but a purely commercial code of ethics does not enable us to cope with those all too many instances when circumstances conspire to ruin us, regardless of our virtuous practices. Life *is* unfair, and only a morality embedded in a transcendental religion can cope with that fact.

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Benjamin Franklin is neither Moses nor Jesus Christ, nor even John Calvin. A market economy can provide us with economic growth and individual liberty—but it cannot prevent us from abusing our affluence or our liberty. It can at best offer us a vision of human decency, not of human perfection. And it certainly cannot offer us consolation amidst disaster, reassurance as to the meaningfulness of life when our bourgeois virtues do not avail us. Gilder—like von Mises, from whom he has clearly learned much—seems to lack a religious sense. He sees so vividly into economic reality that he is blinded to other, no less important aspects of reality. That is a serious flaw. □

II. GILDER:

The Nature of Poverty

J. A. PARKER

GEORGE GILDER's book is an important contribution to the growing intellectual movement on behalf of the free market—the movement that Gilder himself is alluding to when he states: "The most important event in the recent history of ideas is the demise of the socialist dream." This book is particularly significant coming right now, as President Reagan is attempting to implement a program of budget-cutting together with reduced taxes. The Reagan program has been attacked by self-appointed "black leaders," who argue that it is insensitive to the needs of minority-group members. In fact, however, it is the welfare-state philosophy, which has dominated our thinking in the post-World War II period, that has done the greatest harm to black Americans and other minorities.

Discussing "the nature of poverty," Gilder quite properly shows how our current welfare system provides disincentives to work and victimizes minorities in the nation's inner cities. In the past, he argues, "every successful ethnic group in our history rose up by working harder than the other classes, in low-paid jobs, with a vanguard of men in entrepreneurial roles. But the current poor, it is supposed, can leapfrog drudgery by education and credentials, or be led as a group from poverty, perhaps by welfare mothers trained for government jobs. These views depict the current poor as a race so alien to the entire American experience, so radically different in motive and character from whites, that one can speak in terms of a new form of bigotry."

Gilder correctly challenges the idea that black poverty is caused by racism and discrimination. This analysis, presented repeatedly by those black "leaders" who urge expensive government "compensatory" programs (of which they will be the major beneficiaries), is largely self-serving. It is, beyond this, superficial in the extreme. As Gilder argues, such an analysis "slanders" white Americans and "deceives and demoralizes" blacks. In addition, it leads to the false view that "blacks cannot now make it in America without vast federal assistance, without, indeed, the very government programs that in fact account for the worst aspects of black poverty and promise to perpetuate it."

Our current welfare system, Gilder notes, "erodes work and family and thus keeps poor people poor . . . There is no such thing as a good method of artificial income maintenance. The crucial goal should be to restrict the system as much as possible, by making it unattractive and even a bit demeaning."

The institutionalization of affirmative action, welfare, and other benefits which, in many instances, pay more than work has given rise to the view that wealth and hard work are unrelated. We have, in effect, priced work out of the market for those to whom living on a government dole has become a way of life. This liberal philosophy, Gilder writes, includes the assumptions "that wealth can be taken for granted rather than produced by toil and thrift; that life is supposed to be easy and uncomplex; that its inevitable scarcities, setbacks, and frustrations are the fault of malevolent others; that good intentions should be worth their weight in gold and good credentials should convert instantly into power and glory without sordid interludes of productive competition and struggle."

The philosophy Gilder is presenting, while sharply criticized by the Black Congressional Caucus, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, and the NAACP, is quite similar to that expressed by Malcolm X. In his *Autobiography*, Malcolm X said to white liberals, those he found most guilty of supporting the idea of a dole for the ghetto: "If [they] wanted more to do, they could work on the roots of such ghetto evils as the little children out in the streets at midnight with apartment keys on strings around their necks to let themselves in, and their mothers and fathers drunk, drug addicts, thieves, and prostitutes. Or [they] could light some fires under Northern city halls, unions, and major industries to give more jobs to Negroes to remove so many of them from the relief and welfare rolls, which created laziness, and which deteriorated the ghettos into steadily worse places for humans to live . . . one thing the white man never can give the black man is self-respect. The black man can never become independent and recognized as a human being who is truly equal with other human beings until he has what they have, and until he is doing for himself what others are doing for themselves."

Similarly, Bayard Rustin, director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, said that the welfare-state philosophy inherent in the various "wars on poverty" is an "immoral bag of tricks" amounting to a new form of slavery. He stated that "the problems for Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and poor whites . . . is that America has no commitment to turn muscle power into skills."

Now that racial discrimination is illegal—and while we must be vigilant in enforcing the Civil Rights Act of 1964—the fact remains that black Americans cannot advance in a declining economy. The enemies of black economic progress are all those who advocate a "no-growth" philosophy, those who have, through a variety of regulations and tax policies, placed American business in a virtual straitjacket, and those who have kept blacks out of the marketplace through a form of discrimination which remains legal, namely government licensure. A black businessman cannot purchase a truck and haul goods interstate without a license from the Interstate Commerce Commission. He cannot drive a taxicab in New York, Philadelphia, or a number of other cities without purchasing an expensive license. In addition, black teenagers cannot work because the law refuses to permit businessmen

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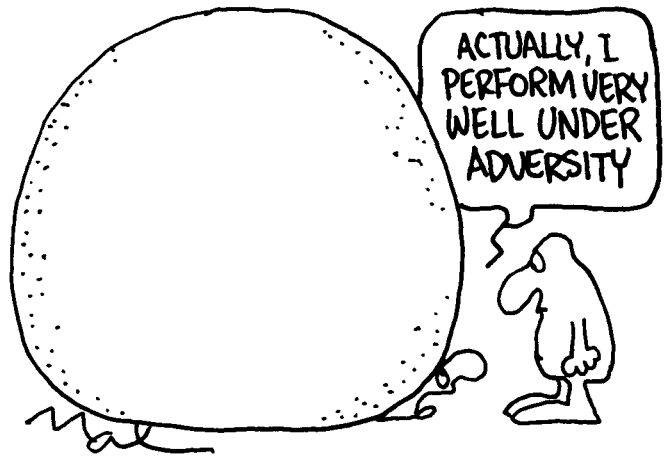
to pay them their real value, insisting instead upon a minimum wage which prices them out of the job market.

In a word, the enemy of black economic progress is white liberalism, the maze of rules, regulations, and debilitating welfare programs which—although they may have been motivated by high ideals—have had a wholly negative effect. The way to ease poverty, as Gilder understands, is, on the one hand, to remove the disincentives of the dole and, on the other, to stimulate investment and business expansion which will produce new jobs.

Make-work programs such as CETA, which so many black "leaders" are so vocal in defending, are harmful to the poor in the long run. Gilder points out that they prevent resources from being invested in the creation of real, productive jobs. He laments the fact that ". . . the only employment generally acceptable in scholarly circles is work which does not produce anything . . . Most CETA jobs . . . are not work . . . CETA often has the effect of shielding people from the realities of their lives and thus prevents them from growing up and finding or creating useful tasks. In a strange etymological turn, the word *meaningful* as applied to work has come to signify *meaningless*—employment that in fact consists of the consumption of valuable resources and the debauchery of human capital."

Those of all races in American society who wish to understand the nature of wealth and the causes of poverty would do well to read this book. □



III. GILDER:

Unleashing The Entrepreneur

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN MAKING the "moral" case for capitalism, George Gilder's seminal *Wealth and Poverty* is going to be of inestimable value to the tax- and budget-cutters in Washington who are struggling to get the government off our backs. A "supply-sider" from away back, Gilder gives us up-to-date thinking about Say's Law of Markets, which insists on the truism that production, in distributing wages, dividends, interest, profits, and payments for raw materials, provides for consumption without inflation. Jack Kemp, the "supply-side fiscalist," can be trusted to take it from there.

But the truly fundamental virtue of Gilder's book is what it tells us the capitalist system is capable of doing without any ministrations from Washington. Long after the Laffer Curve has been vindicated, Gilder's defense of "faith" and "animal spirits" against the pretensions of the econometricians, who put so much "measured" garbage into their computers, will be read in the schools. What Gilder has done is to revive Schumpeter, who knew that the creative destruction within the capitalist community of innovators keeps the capitalist engine in motion.

What the econometricians fail to do is to reckon with the entrepreneur when they are constructing their models. The models may have a short-term validity, but that is all. New inventions, new combinations in shop practice, the steady beat of technological change, the random discovery of new sources of energy—all of these things defy proper weighting in any computer. Who could have foretold, for example, what the Spindletop gusher would do to John D. Rockefeller's drive to control the oil business? What money-man could have known in 1914 that German chemists would soon find ways of getting nitrates from the air and gasoline from coal, a pair of discoveries that prolonged World War I for two years and loosed Lenin—and, later, Hitler—on the world? And who, to come down to Gilder's day, has the ghost of an idea of the industries that will be reared on the silicon chip, the laser beam, the photovoltaic cell, the completely robotized factory, cable-TV, satellites themselves, and fusion power?

Gilder sings a hymn to the moral character of the enterpriser who brings such things as the silicon chip, conjured out of grains of sand, to economic fruition. The enterpriser, says Gilder, is a man of faith who believes in giving. He backs something with his brains and money without knowing how it will pay off. He hopes, of course, to make a profit, but he can't be sure of this. He is just a good man casting his bread upon the waters.

One objection to Gilder's book is that it oversimplifies the moral case for capitalism. A majority of enterprisers may want to do right by the consumer, but there are bad apples in every barrel. Adam Smith assumed that. But the canny Adam went on to explain that the shifty or crooked enterpriser, given a competitive situation, is forced to behave under peril of losing out to capitalists who are prepared to give value. The Invisible Hand deals in its own way with those who lack good will.

So it doesn't really matter whether a whole class of enterprisers conforms subjectively to Gilder's idea of the capitalist as giver. The rapacious man, if deprived of mercantilist support from the state, will be tamed by the market. Objectively, the system will remain predominantly moral.

Just at the moment, there is a terrible to-do about the possibility that people would use the money they will be permitted to keep by Kemp-Roth tax reductions for McDonald hamburgers. Well, the owner of McDonald's put some of his profits into a baseball team which pays egregiously high salaries to ballplayers. Ballplayers are among our big investors: catcher Johnny Bench, for example, has several oil wells in Oklahoma. So what is "demand-side" and what is

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"supply-side" in tax cuts? It depends where the money stops, if it ever does. Money is supremely fluid.

Where Gilder comes in is to assume the burden of championing the rich taxpayer, who is bound by circumstances to be a supply-sider. The wealthy can't consume most of their income. At high tax rates in the top brackets, they have the alternative of looking for tax shelters or retiring to their yachts for Mediterranean cruises. Leisure is a good that can be measured against forsworn money. The way to get the rich man's money working for the common people is to entice him to give up his tax-haven-supported leisure. Gilder does a great job of exposing the short-sighted and corrosive nature of populist envy of the wealthy. It is interesting to learn that some congressional Democrats are coming to agree with him.

One cannot say enough in praise of Gilder's style. It combines a driving quality with a subtle allusiveness, as when he says: "If small is beautiful, that mandate is fulfilled not chiefly in windmills and solar cells, but in California's vale of cubistic factories . . . Santa Clara's Silicon Valley where worlds indeed unfold in grains of sand." Gilder's logic is both searing and searingly expressed, as when he says that Aid to Families with Dependent Children "cuckolds" husbands by making them seem superfluous in the eyes of their wives. And paradoxes abound in Gilder's treatment of wealth in a world where barren islands—Hong Kong, Japan—grow richer than sheiks. In a curious aside, Gilder tells us about capitalist enterprise in the Berkshire town of Lee, Massachusetts, which has no natural resources. Since wealth begins as a state of mind and will, a Lebanese peasant ended up buying the biggest office building in town. That's capitalism, folks. □

IV. GILDER:

A Critic on the Left

ALAN REYNOLDS

SERIOUS BOOKS deserve to be taken seriously. Yet there is always a clever reviewer who finds it easier to avoid the main themes by a superficial caricature of extraneous issues. Since it is bad form for authors to gripe about distorted reviews, reviewers generally escape the scrutiny that keeps most writers reasonably anxious about honesty, logic, and accuracy.

Consider Michael Kinsley, who has long been waging a lonely, one-sided battle against supply-side economics in the pages of *The New Republic*. Kinsley's balanced assessment is that George Gilder is a "crackpot." Although some (Bob Tyrrell) would pay handsomely for such a distinguished endorsement, it somehow reveals more about the reviewer than about the book he is ostensibly reviewing.

Way back in August 1978, Kinsley first tried to expose similar "fantasies of the new conservative economics." He began with a loose swing at *The Way the World Works*, a modern classic by Jude Wanniski. One problem, as Kinsley saw it, was that Wanniski's view of the world was that of a "bourgeois family man."

After a reasonably accurate explanation of what Wanniski dubbed the "Laffer Curve," Kinsley reverted to strange Keynesian mysticism. "The Laffer Curve," wrote Kinsley, "assumes that tax revenues simply disappear. If the government imposed a 100 per cent tax, then dumped the proceeds in the ocean, people would soon starve, emigrate, or revolt, with fatal effects on the tax base. But ordinarily governments spend tax revenues for goods and services." It follows, thought Kinsley, that "government revenues wouldn't necessarily drop to zero even at a tax of 100 per cent."

Not easy to ungarble all that, but it obviously misses the point. Nobody was talking about 100 per cent average taxes on all earnings, but about marginal rates on *added* earnings. If the government confiscated all earnings above current levels, for example, there would be no economic motive for producing and earning more. The government could not spend the revenues from such a tax, because there would be no revenues to spend. Looking beneath the monetary veil, the government could not buy or redistribute goods and services that were never produced.

Kinsley then went on to argue: "there is little reason to think that tinkering with the upper reaches of the capital-gains tax will . . . increase tax revenue." Congress did cut that tax rate, however, and revenues have increased. Kinsley compared the *average* tax on capital gains with the lowest *marginal* tax on other income, which is worse than deceptive. He noted that few taxpayers reported any long-term capital gains in a given year, without noting that many people have capital gains in *some* years, and that few people "realized" taxable capital gains precisely because the tax on realized gains discouraged them from selling assets.

This year, Kinsley says, "thanks to a major cut in 1978, today's capital-gains tax rates are lower than they have been in decades." Thanks indeed. But any tax at all on capital gains that only keep up with inflation is literally confiscatory. But there's something to Kinsley's worry that treating capital gains much better than dividends and interest could keep earnings locked up in tax shelters and existing firms.

Next came Kinsley's attack on George Gilder's fascinating new opus. With ample justification, Kinsley observes that Gilder's "ape-man views on women are like roadblocks across the course of his argument." Unfortunately, Gilder's notorious male chauvinism is also a roadblock across Kinsley's review. It does indeed get a bit grating when Gilder announces that "instant gratification is chiefly a male trait," that divorce happens because "her job is better and destroys his male role," that women are poorly paid only because they

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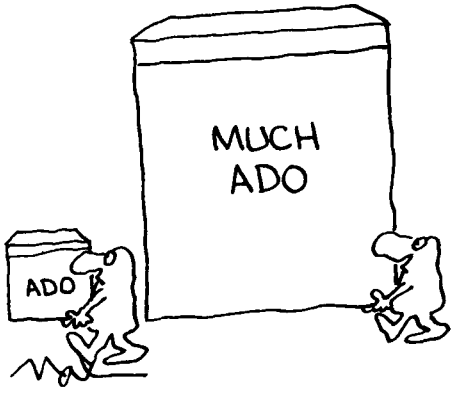

"I'm afraid he's lost the will to audit."

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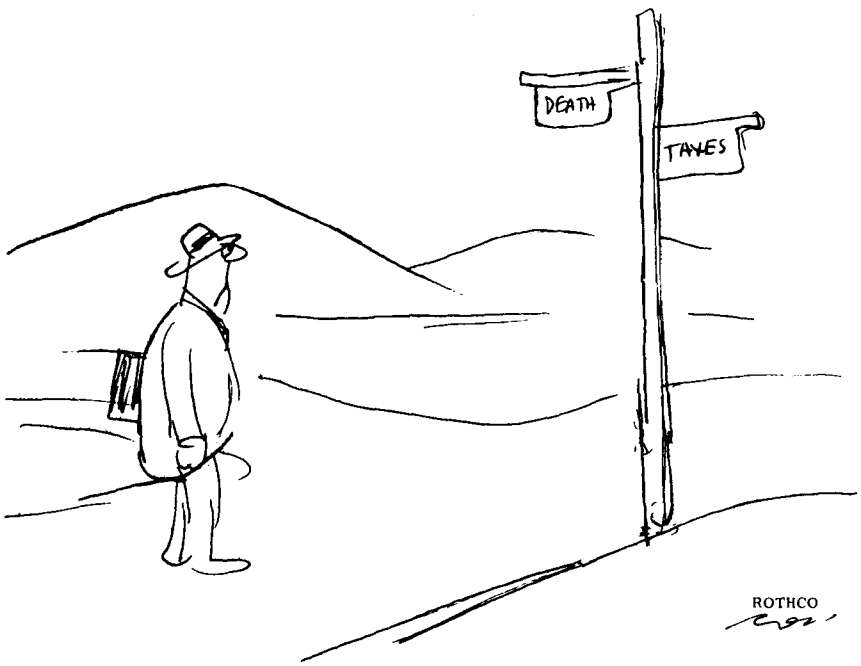

Toward 1982

When the ramparts have been captured
  And the citadel's been breached,
It's important that a leader
  Should proceed with what he preached.
If he doesn't and he dawdles,
  Though the castle got the sack,
All the former lords and ladies
  Will assuredly be back.

W. H. VON DREELE

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quit frequently (rather than the other way around), or that men behave like losers because they are not married (rather than being unmarried because they're losers). At its least objectionable, however, Gilder's point is simply that "it is love that changes the short horizons of youth and poverty into the long horizons of marriage and career." Even here, it may be equally true that a positive outlook for the future allows marriage and families to work.

A study is cited to show that married men work harder than bachelors or wives. "What 'work harder' means," says Kinsley, "Gilder (typically) does not report." This is (typically) untrue. Gilder explains on the previous page that it means bachelors and wives work "fewer hours and weeks per year."

Kinsley resents Gilder's remark that "the idea that all wealth is acquired through stealing is popular in prisons and at Harvard." Kinsley responds that liberals "see tax-financed social welfare as a way of helping the poor. If it could be done without disturbing the slumber of the rich, few would object." I doubt that. One need not cite blatant egalitarians like Lester Thurow to show that liberal resentment of financial achievement is very real indeed. Kinsley himself can't resist sharing his hunch that "very few self-made millionaires got that way solely through virtuous personal qualities." He argues for a distinction between "the few rich who got that way through their own hard work and creativity, and the many rich who did not." So, Kinsley himself seems eager to live up to Gilder's stereotype of those who believe "that commerce consists largely of rounds of martinis, golf, and collusions in restraint of trade."

Kinsley accuses Gilder of inconsistency "when he says that inflation and high taxes force married women into paying jobs ('marginal' thinking suggests that high tax rates make it more tempting to stay at home)." Actually, Gilder cites evidence that "married women work harder and married men work less hard when, for whatever reason, family earnings possibilities are reduced." His intriguing explanation is that

(Continues on page 449)

The JFK Express

EVERY DAY a strange-looking jet with four engines bunched in its tail disgorges at JFK Airport in New York a group of about sixty people: tall muscular boys with tousled blond hair, old women in babushkas, stocky men bearing an uncanny resemblance to Lech Walesa, slender, long-legged girls. They look much like their ancestors landing at Ellis Island, and they carry their meager possessions in bundles exuding the pungent and inimitable fragrance of dried mushrooms.

They come from Poland with visas good for a few months, but without work permits. They have no Social Security numbers, and most of them cannot speak a word of English and have never been outside Poland. Within about two weeks every one of them has a job and a place to sleep—a $100-a-month room in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, shared by three or four people. The women, many in their sixties, are always the first to find work—as domestics, office cleaners, cooks. The young men, many of them well-educated, make no attempt to find work in their specialties. They rely instead on brawn and hobby skills, working as house-painters, handymen, mechanics.

Living in the ethnic enclave of Greenpoint, they get by easily without English; on the job, they are expected to work, not talk. They are content with low wages, but manage to save the greater part of their earnings. Six months or a year later, they return to Poland with $4,000 or $5,000—enough to buy a house or start a small workshop. After all, $4,000 buys half a million zlotys on the open market.

All this is going on in the same city in which professional poverty groups squeeze billions of dollars from taxpayers for the support of unemployed and disadvantaged Americans, who too often turn to crime as the only available means of survival.

What would happen if the welfare "clients" of New York City actually looked for work, as do the Poles? The consequences might be disastrous: causing real unemployment among members of the vast social-services establishment, with all its CETA programs, publicly funded community organizations, task forces, councils, and committees.

The jobs are there, to be had for the asking. Many of the Polish *Gastarbeiters* manage to hold two at the same time—working in a restaurant by day and cleaning offices at night. That is particularly true of the older women, who are ready to work 12 hours a day and more to bring home a dowry for a daughter or to pay for a son's education. They spend nothing on themselves, but, before returning home, cannily buy merchandise that will make a nice profit for them in Warsaw's flea markets.

New York unemployment and poverty are a state of mind. This may not be true elsewhere, when the closing of factories or other economic setbacks result in a genuine shortage of jobs. But in a metropolis, those willing to accept any work—not holding out for something meaningful and ennobling—can make a living and even save money.

What is the key difference between the illegal foreign workers and the native American poor? The motley crowd landing at JFK has no idea that there are handouts to be had and expects none. Coming, without funds, to a totally alien land, these people know that they must rely on themselves—a wonderful incentive to productive effort. It might work also for others.

Every day an Ilyushin jet takes home from JFK a group of people, almost as shabby as when they arrived, but carrying much larger bundles full of precious goods from Delancey Street. They never knew that they were poor or disadvantaged.

—ALEXANDER T. JORDAN

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THE NUMBERS GAME

The Sad (Statistical) Reality

MARTIN GIESBRECHT

IMAGINE A PROFESSIONAL baseball team in which seven of the players earn about $25,000 per season, but two stars each earn $1 million. (This should not be too hard to imagine.)

Add up all these salaries and divide by the nine players, and we find that the average salary is $241,667.

Now imagine yourself going to almost anyone on the team and trying to tell him that his average salary is $241,667. You will have a 78 per cent chance of being laughed right out of the locker room, if nothing worse befalls you. This is because $241,667 is almost ten times as much as seven out of the nine players earn. That's the trouble with the arithmetic mean—the kind of average we've just calculated. It gets thrown off balance by extremes, in this case, the two salaries of $1 million each.

A much better average is the median. To calculate this measure of central tendency, all we do is list the salaries from lowest to highest ($25,000, $25,000, $25,000, $25,000, $25,000, $25,000, $25,000, $1,000,000, and $1,000,000) and pick the middle one: $25,000.

Now when you go into the locker room and announce that you have calculated their average salary to be $25,000, 78 per cent of the players will nod in glum or eager agreement, depending on their level of pecuniary aspiration. Only two players won't fit this average very well. They will probably exchange glances indicating that they know better. You will be able to walk out of the locker room unscathed.

So when it comes to income statistics or almost anything to do with population data, you are usually better off with the median than with the arithmetic mean.

Yet, our most often quoted government statistics on incomes use arithmetic mean to calculate the average. They add my income, your income, and everybody else's income to Johnny Carson's and the president of General Motors' income, and then they inform us that our per capita disposable personal income—which means the average individual after-tax take-home pay for all men, women, and children alive in the United States today—is $7,118 per year.

Incredibly, according to this, my family of five should have an income of $35,590 per year, if we want to be average.

Well, we don't have this kind of income. And neither do most of the other people I've talked to about this on my block. In fact, just thinking about it is enough to undermine our self-esteem.

Furthermore, these official government arithmetic means tell us that our incomes are going up. Indeed, they've grown an average of over $1,000 per person in just the last two years.

Talk about undermining self-esteem! How can our incomes be going up, when our budgets are getting tighter, our new cars are getting smaller, our diets more frugal, our vacations shorter and closer to home, our new homes completely unaffordable? Could it be that this rise is just the illusory effect of inflation?

But no. Even recalculated in constant 1972 dollars, official per capita disposable personal income is published as having risen almost uninterruptedly during the 1970s. No matter how we look at it then, currently or historically, with or without the adjustment for inflation, these per capita arithmetic means place most of us behind the eight ball and rolling backward.

So let us ignore these misleading and belittling averages and turn instead to the median. Fortunately, the Bureau of the Census keeps a record of median family income in the United States. And, as Table One shows, the dollar figures are much more reasonable. A median family income of $18,492 in 1979 is closer to the real experience on my block than the $35,590 calculated from the per capita disposable personal income data.

Unfortunately, though, the median family income also shows a rise from year to year through the 1970s. And, as we have just argued, this does not jibe with our real experience.

But wait. We haven't accounted for inflation; nor have we adjusted the median family income for the erosion caused by taxes; to be more specific, by the rising Social Security, federal income, and state and local income, sales, and property taxes. When we do all this, the result is Table Two.

And what do these statistics show now? Disposable median family income in 1972 dollars—that is, after-tax family take-home pay adjusted for inflation—clearly peaked in 1973. From then on it is almost all downhill and falling more steeply toward 1980. We should also mention, by the way, that more members of the family are working now to earn this declining income.

At last we have a more realistic picture! Now we can recognize our families and most other families in the statistics. Here is a statistical table that shows us the way we really are.

Ain't that sad? □

Median Family Income		Disposable Median Family Income†	
1970	$ 9,867	1970	$7,743
1971	10,285	1971	7,905
1972	11,116	1972	8,084
1973	12,051	1973	8,107
1974	12,902	1974	7,665
1975	13,719	1975	7,550
1976	14,958	1976	7,869
1977	16,009	1977	7,971
1978	17,170*	1978	7,728
1979	18,492*	1979	7,450
1980	19,659*	1980	7,101

*Estimates

†In 1972 dollars

Mr. Giesbrecht is chairman of the Department of Economics at Wilmington College in Ohio.

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THE LATIN AMERICAN CHURCH

Marxist Inroads

WILLARD L. BEAULAC

DURING THE PERIOD of colonial rule in Latin America, the Catholic Church occupied a privileged position. Its influence in education, in politics, and in economic matters was very great. But independence changed much of that. Many Spanish bishops and priests who continued loyal to the Crown returned to the homeland, and they were not quickly replaced. Relations between those who remained and the new governments were often difficult. Deprived of many of its prerogatives, the Church turned inward. It entered what some have called its "ghetto" stage, during which it showed little interest in nonreligious matters and had little influence over them.

In the early 1920s, while I was serving as consul at Puerto Castilla, I had as my house guest the Bishop of Honduras. During a long conversation I asked him why the Church seemed always to be on the side of the government although the latter did not always appear to be on the side of virtue. The bishop replied that he tried to avoid antagonizing the government because, unless it was friendly to the Church, it tended to be an enemy of the Church and its purposes. That attitude was probably characteristic at the time; but the Church was already changing.

In 1891 Pope Leo XIII had stirred many churchmen to thought and some to action when he published his encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, on conditions of labor in the industrialized countries. In 1931 Pope Pius XI endorsed *Rerum Novarum* with his own encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, and gave further impetus to reform. Pope John XXIII's *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris*, and the Second Vatican Council, placed the Church among the leaders of those seeking social improvement. Bishops and priests once more concerned themselves actively with nonreligious issues of the day. A new "jet set" of priests, endowed with ample funds, flew to national and international conferences and made pronouncements on lay matters that concerned them (not only did the Archbishop of Panama, for example, work earnestly to help the poor; he also lobbied energetically for the delivery of the Panama Canal to Panama). The Church had become a destabilizing influence in Latin America, a dynamic force for change.

Among the instruments of change were the Latin American Bishops' Conference and a number of priests' organizations whose aim was rapid and radical social improvement. The Bishops' Conference had particular importance. Even the most conservative bishops could not fail to be affected to some degree by the various papal encyclicals and by the demands for social improvement that had come out of the Second Vatican Council. Citing papal authority, the bishops, meeting in Medellin, Colombia in 1968, criticized Marxism and "liberal capitalism" as well. They maintained that "both systems militate against the dignity of the human person."

THE BISHOPS had this to say about the conservatives in Latin America's society—those with whom, only a few years earlier, they had been charged, probably with justification, with being too closely identified:

> The Traditionalists or Conservatives show little or no social conscience, have a middle-class orientation, and consequently do not question the social structures. In general they identify with the "established order." Their community action takes the character of paternalism and alms-giving, with no concern for changing the status quo.

No one is surprised when Marxists criticize people for having a "middle-class orientation." Marx himself had only disdain for the middle class and looked forward to its eventual liquidation. But for Catholic bishops to talk in such terms was something new to most people.

The bishops did not spare foreigners. They charged foreign investors with such offenses as tax evasion and excessive remission of profits, matters that were clearly beyond the direct knowledge of most bishops.

Many priests were far to the left of the bishops. Camilo Torres, a Colombian priest, said:

> In order to give [the majorities] food, drink, and clothing, basic decisions are necessary, decisions which can only come from the government. Technical solutions we have or we can obtain. But who decides on their application? The minority, against its own interests? It is a sociological absurdity that a group would act against its own interests. . . . The power must be . . . taken so that structural, economic, social, and political reforms benefiting [the] majorities may be realized. This is called revolution, and if it is necessary in order to fulfill love for one's neighbor, then it is necessary for a Christian to be a revolutionary.

Torres joined a revolutionary band and died in combat against government troops in 1966. He became a martyr of the extreme Left. Archbishop Helder Pessoa Camara, a Brazilian, said, "It seems to me that the memory of Camilo Torres or Che Guevara merits as much respect as that of the Reverend Martin Luther King."

Ivan Illich, a former priest turned reformer, with a considerable following among Catholic clergy, stressed the need for new and liberal social programs in Latin America, but warned the Church against accepting money from foreign Catholics in order to carry them out. In an article entitled "The Seamy Side of Charity," he said, "The receiver [of money donated by foreign Catholics] inevitably gets the message; the 'padre' stands on the side of W. R. Grace and Co., Esso, the Alliance for Progress, democratic government, the AFL-CIO, and whatever is holy in the Western pantheon." For Mr. Illich there are few good things in the Western pantheon.

Following Medellin, many bishops and lower clergy embraced the leftist dogma of class struggle and of the need for "liberation" from "dependence" on

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Mr. Beaulac, a career Foreign Service officer, has served as U.S. ambassador to five countries in Latin America. This article is adapted from his book The Fractured Hemisphere *published recently by the Hoover Institution Press.*

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the more economically advanced countries. Those persons found themselves in many ways closer to the Marxists than to the non-Marxists. Some clergy frankly preached Marxism.

Referring to contemporary Nicaragua, Father Miguel d'Escoto, a Maryknoll missioner and publisher of Orbis Books, said in his introduction to Richard Millett's *Guardians of the Dynasty*:

> To . . . actively participate in the construction of a just, noncapitalistic system can only be the result of a moral conversion. If the elite are not up to this kind of patriotic action, then their reluctance will only serve to prove that the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional had been right all along in choosing violence and guerrilla warfare as the only viable strategy to bring about change.

The American-born Father d'Escoto became Sandinista Nicaragua's first Foreign Minister.

By no means all bishops and priests agreed with this identification or near-identification with Marxism. Most of them doubtless disagreed with it. And Pope John Paul II himself, inaugurating the Third General Conference of Latin American Bishops in Puebla, Mexico on January 29, 1979, said that some of the conclusions of the Medellin meeting had been misinterpreted. While he urged the bishops to continue working for social justice he cautioned against political activism and violence. He reminded them that Christ was not a politician, a revolutionary, a warrior against Roman domination, a participant in a class struggle, or a "Nazareth subversive," as some clerics had painted him, and he made clear that it was through evangelization rather than confrontation that the Church could be most helpful. Although he said the Church was concerned with man, not political systems, he defended the right to private property and denounced atheistic humanism. His message was profoundly anti-Marxist.

Nevertheless the Pope had barely left Puebla when the bishops addressed a message to the people of Latin America in which they said:

> The civilization of love rejects subjection to a dependence which is prejudicial to Latin America's dignity. We do not accept the condition of satellite of any country of the world, or of any ideology. We wish to live fraternally with all peoples, because we repudiate narrow nationalism. It is time for Latin America to warn the developed countries not to immobilize us, not to impede our progress, not to exploit us, but rather to help us with magnanimity to overcome the barriers of our underdevelopment, respecting our culture, our principles, our natural resources.

That is a political, not a religious statement. Most of it is directed against the United States, Latin America's closest and most powerful neighbor and its principal trading partner. All of it conforms to Marxist doctrine.

MARXISTS AND other "anti-imperialists" complain of what they refer to as Latin America's financial, technological, and, in general, economic "dependence" on the more developed countries; of Latin America's role as supplier of raw materials and market for manufactured goods; of exploitation of Latin America by the "imperialistic" countries; of Latin America as a dependent element in the "imperialistic" system. The bishops have joined them in their complaint.

No one would suspect from reading the bishops' message that whereas early Spanish and Portuguese imperialists did in effect rob their American colonies of precious metals, the American copper-mining companies in Chile, before a Socialist-Communist regime confiscated their properties, had supplied that country with 60 per cent of its foreign exchange and had paid as much as 80 per cent of their earnings to the Chilean government in direct taxes. No one would suspect that the United Fruit Company had left seven new dollars in Latin America for every dollar it remitted abroad, or that organized labor in the United States had complained bitterly that American investors were "exporting" jobs to Latin America. Nor would one suspect that the United States had carried out in Latin America the most extensive program of economic aid ever carried out by a government in any area of the world. A reading of the bishops' statement would not suggest that Latin American countries are so far from being satellites of the United States that whereas the United States itself is enjoined by treaties and public opinion (in the United States as well as in Latin America) from intervening in Latin America even in support of freedom, Cuba, a Latin American country, feels quite free to intervene anywhere in the world in support of Soviet imperialism.

Perhaps the bishops, or most of them, do not know those things. But if they are determined to publish statements on nonreligious matters—statements that have great political and economic (and even military) significance for Latin America and the rest of the world—it would be well that they learn those and many other things they give evidence of ignoring. Churchmen have an awesome power to destabilize Latin America. Unfortunately, their power to restore or create stability and promote prosperity is extremely limited. In Argentina the Catholic hierarchy supported the candidacy of Juan Domingo Perón, but Perón as president established new records for demagoguery and corruption. His followers burned Catholic churches in Buenos Aires, and Perón himself bequeathed his country political, economic, and social problems that have taken thousands of lives and will continue to plague Argentina for years to come. In Peru, the military group that overthrew the freely elected government of Fernando Belaúnde Terry in 1968, and promised to promote social justice in the country, had the enthusiastic support of many churchmen. But in 1980, when Belaúnde was re-elected to the presidency, the country was in dire economic straits; there were more poor than ever before, and the Church was powerless to alter the situation.

The Church will doubtless remain divided on how it should contribute to social improvement in Latin America. Its attitude or attitudes will help to determine which way Latin America will go; whether in the direction of political and economic freedom and social justice or of Marxian socialism and the tyranny that is part of it.

The future of the Church itself may also be involved. Priests, who have the power to forgive sins, may be powerless to fulfill the hopes of political and economic improvement that some of them are holding out to the masses. During the colonial period and for some time after independence, many of the Church's successes in the temporal field were at the cost of its authority and influence in the spiritual field. In today's far more complex world, failure in the temporal field might have similar consequences, while success might alter the nature of the Church with even graver consequences for it and for society. □

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SIBERIA

Who Shot R. R. Ewingsky?

S. L. VARNADO

THE RUSSIANS, *we learn, are green with envy over the success of* Dallas *and are filming a rival series of their own. Our correspondent in Moscow previewed a few sequences and sent back the following report.*

The Russian series *Siberia* might have a fair chance of equaling *Dallas* if it weren't for some ambiguities in the program arising out of the Communist system itself. The show depicts the activities of the Ewingsky family, a powerful clan of bureaucrats who live in a luxurious *dacha* (country house) and spend their time lying, cheating, and betraying one another. This premise, however, was evidently too much for the Censor, whose hand lies heavily upon the show. In the opening sequence, for instance, R. R. Ewingsky, the reprehensible elder son, is conversing with his wife, Suya Ellenovna.

SUYA: R. R. Ewingsky, I hold in my hand a three-hundred-page report from the KGB containing irrefutable evidence that you have been fooling around with my sister, Kristinovna. What do you say to this?

R.R.: It is a tissue of lies. Everyone knows that the KGB are rats and guttersnipes. Of course, it is also true that they are eminently patriotic rats and guttersnipes, and loyal Party members.

SUYA: My main objections to this matter are political. My sister shows definite reactionary tendencies. She purchases cosmetics and underwear on the Black Market—an institution which of course we know does not exist.

R.R. *(grinning evilly and hiding classified plans for a nuclear submarine in Suya's handbag):* Do not trouble yourself further with these matters. Kristinovna is to be arrested tonight and shipped off to the Gulag—another institution which we know does not exist. Meanwhile, I go to inspect the Collective Farm, using the Rolls-Royce—which we must never forget belongs equally to the 11,000 peasants who work on the Farm.

SUYA *(dropping a grenade into his coat pocket):* May the blessings of Marxist-Leninist philosophy attend you!

In another sequence, R. R. Ewingsky is engaged in a tête-à-tête with Suya's sister, Kristinovna. They are at Party Headquarters, at a table loaded with champagne and caviar, attended by waiters and violinists.

KRISTINOVNA *(pouring arsenic into R.R.'s glass):* My darlink! Do you wish to hold my hand?

R.R.: But of course. I am willing to hold the hand of any loyal member of the Party. My heart swells with passion for you—and for our noble troops who are restoring order in Poland.

KRISTINOVNA: I feel an equal passion for you—and for our stalwart forces who are liberating Afghanistan.

R.R.: Come with me, my love, and we will inspect the Collective Oil Fields, riding in the Rolls-Royce limousine—which we must never forget belongs equally to the 15,000 Oil Field workers.

KRISTINOVNA: My darlink! How intimate!

The climactic episode of the series is that in which R. R. Ewingsky gets shot. The scene opens with several members of the family—including Bobbinsky, Pamelanovna, Jockov, and Miss Ellieovna—gathered about the swimming pool. Nearby is a table piled high with ham, roast chicken, caviar, champagne, etc. Jockov, the patriarch of the family, emerges from the pool.

© Frans de Boer, Amsterdam

JOCKOV: The inestimable blessings of a Socialist government are evident in this roast chicken, caviar, and champagne which I now consume. Such luxuries are the reward for my long service to the Party. I lost a leg in the Revolution, an ear at Sebastapol, and some fingers at the Third International.

MISS ELLIEOVNA: Yes, my husband and comrade, the nation is singularly indebted to you for these missing parts. However, we must never forget that the roast chicken, caviar, and champagne belong equally to the 23,000 workers in our Collective Mill.

(R. R. Ewingsky enters, smiling evilly to himself.)

R.R.: Greetings, fellow proletarians. It may interest you to learn that I have just eliminated fifty of my political rivals, poisoned three members of the Secretariat, and done away with several hundred rebellious workers on the Collective Farm. As a result of this, 57 assassination attempts have been made upon my life.

MISS ELLIEOVNA: Might I inquire if any were successful?

R.R.: Indubitably! A number of bullets have penetrated my system. My condition might be described as decidedly leaky.

(At this point, a fusillade of bullets rains upon R.R. The family joins in the shooting.)

R.R. *(stoically):* It is becoming difficult to distinguish one's political rivals from one's family.

BOBBINSKY *(picking up a pistol from the floor):* Look! Here is the assassination weapon. We shall have it analyzed for fingerprints and thus discover the culprit.

JOCKOV: Yes, but we must never forget that the pistol belongs equally to the 11,000 peasants on the Collective Farm, the 15,000 workers in the Oil Field, and the 23,000 laborers in the Collective Mill. The analysis should take about ten years.

ANNOUNCER: Do not miss exciting future episodes which will be devoted to lists of the various comrades who shot R. R. Ewingsky. Meanwhile, the Party wishes to assure you that our efforts to restore order in Poland and to liberate Afghanistan are proceeding on schedule. Thank you all, and good night. □

Mr. Varnado is a professor of English at the University of South Alabama.

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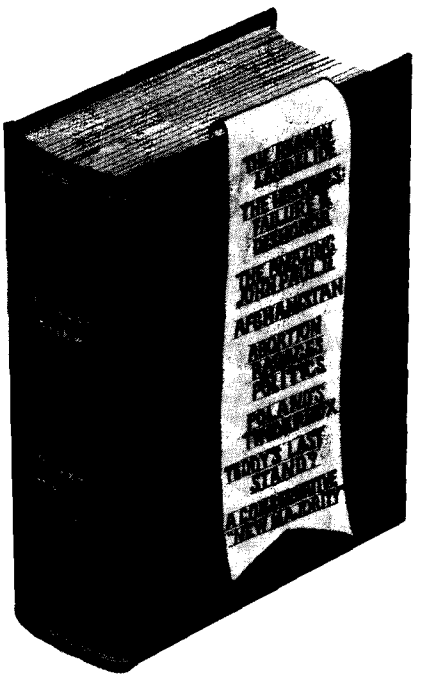

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LITHUANIAN CATHOLICS

The Ordeal of a Priest

ANDRES KUNG & FREDERIC LOVE

ALTHOUGH LITHUANIA was the last nation in Europe to be Christianized, her people subsequently developed a rich Catholic culture. No people anywhere in the world are more devoutly Catholic than the Lithuanians.

Lithuania and Poland have traditionally served as the Catholic bastions between the Protestantism of northern Germany and the Orthodoxy of the Russian Church. As in Poland, nationalism and Catholicism are closely intertwined in Lithuania. Even today, forty years after the Soviet takeover, Lithuanian Catholics are perhaps the most vocal of all protest groups within the Soviet Union. They write open letters to the authorities drawing attention to infringements of national laws and international agreements. Nearly half of all the Catholic priests in Lithuania have signed such petitions. One of them is Father Juozas Zdebskis.

Father Zdebskis first attracted the attention of the KGB in 1964. He was brought to trial and found guilty of having given religious instruction to children before their First Holy Communion. Although Lithuanian authorities later nullified the verdict and the sentence of one year at hard labor, the KGB was not to forget Father Zdebskis.

A few years later, the KGB learned that the community Father Zdebskis was serving had developed an unusually lively religious life. Believers were even carrying banners and crosses in religious processions without permits from the authorities. Father Zdebskis himself was making house calls on his old motorcycle, although a priest is forbidden under Soviet law to minister outside his own church without special permission. Further, Father Zdebskis would christen children at home, which is in direct violation of Soviet law.

Messrs. Küng and Love live in Sweden. This article is excerpted from Persecuted Christians—Forty Contemporary Cases, *which was recently published in Sweden.*

The KGB decided to have Father Zdebskis transferred to the little town of Prienai, population ten thousand. But neither the KGB nor the Office for Religious Affairs could dampen Father Zdebskis's enthusiasm.

On January 8, 1969 Zdebskis and another priest, Father Dumbliauskas, wrote a letter to then-Premier Kosygin. They pointed out repeated violations of the Soviet constitution's promises concerning "free cults" and complained especially about restrictions on the one remaining seminary for priests.

Once there were three seminaries in Lithuania; two of them were closed during the wartime Soviet occupation of 1940-41. The remaining seminary had approximately 350 students as late as the end of World War II, but two decades later the student body numbered only twenty-five.

"Each year," the priests wrote, "the rector of the seminary is required to send his list of candidates to the Lithuanian representative of the Office for Religious Affairs. In turn, this man judges each candidate's loyalty toward the Soviet regime. He has the power to exclude any candidate, without being required to justify his decision." They appealed to Kosygin to permit the Lithuanian seminary to manage its own affairs.

Uninvited Guests

During the summer of 1971, Juozas Zdebskis began teaching the Ten Commandments to three hundred children. On June 16, the children and their parents gathered to take part in his confirmation class. Ten uninvited guests joined them: the chairman of the town council, three teachers (there to identify the children), and six KGB agents. They photographed the children and recorded their names.

Later that summer, Father Zdebskis was again arrested. Hundreds of people gathered outside KGB headquarters demanding his release.

"We are the ones who wanted our children to learn something about the Ten Commandments," one man said. "The priest isn't to blame!" A quiet desperation marked the gathering. More than two thousand of the ten thousand people of Prienai appealed to the chairman of the Supreme Soviet and the Communist Party's Central Committee in September of the same year to release their priest. But their appeals went unanswered.

On November 4, 1971, Juozas Zdebskis was brought to trial in Lithuania's second largest city, Kaunas. Hundreds of people gathered outside the courthouse, even though neither the date nor the place for the trial had been made public. There were many children, carrying flowers as a sign of reconciliation. Despite their presence, the police violently dispersed the gathering. A street-cleaning crew stood by to wash away the blood. Twenty persons, including two priests, were arrested.

Deceitful Violation

The trial proceeded *almost* according to plan, since Father Zdebskis had refused to sign his own indictment, despite threats and beatings. (After visiting her son in the prison where he had been beaten, Zdebskis's mother said she was barely able to recognize him. And still he tenaciously refused to cooperate.) Father Zdebskis delivered an articulate speech in his own defense in which he accused Soviet authorities of violating their own constitution as well as the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights. Believers, he said, are expected to be loyal toward the state, while the state shows neither loyalty toward nor respect for the faithful. And he illustrated his point:

> A year ago, for example, a teacher was fired from the junior high school in Vilkavicius because she was a believer. She was not only deprived of her job, she was also forbidden to practice her profession in the future. Isn't that a suppression of free opinion? And this is not an isolated case.

Father Zdebskis asked the authorities:

> Is it not a deceitful violation of the freedom of conscience for atheists to study in Rome and thereby be in a position to fill vacant episcopal posts? Can any other purpose than the desire to eradicate the Church here in Lithuania lie behind these measures? Is there not an air of deceit in

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their efforts to compromise priests and even bishops in the eyes of the Vatican? Is it the doing of the faithful, for example, that an energetic and healthy bishop, His Excellency Bishop Slatkevivius, has been listed *sedi datus* [nominated, but unable to take over his duties] in the Vatican Report of World Bishops?

In conclusion, Father Zdebskis said,

> I'm being tried for fulfilling my legitimate duties. If we priests are not judged by the courts today, we will be judged by the nation in the future. And finally the Lord's hour of justice will come. May the good Lord make us priests more fearful of this, than of your judgment!

The court convicted Father Zdebskis of giving religious instruction to minors and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment. He told the judge: "You may as well give me a lifetime sentence because as soon as I am released, I'll continue to act as I have up to now!"

On the same day, another Lithuanian priest, Father Bubnys, was sentenced for the same "crime." Other priests were also sent to jail, touching off a wave of protest. By New Year's Day, 1972, more than 17,000 Lithuanian Catholics had signed a letter of protest addressed to Leonid Brezhnev. Although many of those involved in obtaining signatures were arrested, no other protest action ever carried out in the Soviet Union has had such broad support.

Perhaps more than any other action, this letter bore witness to the strong cohesiveness of Lithuanian Catholics. Accusations in earlier letters from priests and laymen in Lithuania were reiterated in the letter of the 17,000: that priests have been banished or imprisoned for having prepared children for their First Communion; that Catholic children are required to study atheism in Soviet schools and are forced to speak and write in violation of their own consciences; that Soviet authorities effectively control the only Catholic seminary in Lithuania; that since only ten students are allowed to enter the seminary each year, the shortage of priests in Lithuania grows ever more acute (more priests die each year than graduate); that Catholics have been dismissed from jobs for their religious beliefs; that the authorities have not allowed Catholics to rebuild burned-down churches or restore old ones.

Impressive as the letter was, it did not do Father Zdebskis much good. When he completed his sentence, the authorities released him from jail, but refused to assign him a parish. He was allowed to support himself—as a parking attendant. Various congregations that had no priest appealed to the authorities to allow Father Zdebskis to take over their parish. Finally, he was given permission to serve as a priest again, first in Kuciunai and later in Schlavantai.

On Ash Wednesday, 1974, Father Zdebskis was called to KGB headquarters in the Lithuanian capital of Vilna. There he was accused of heading up the "anti-Soviet activity" in the country. The KGB was upset that it had not been able to put an end to the Lithuanian Catholic protest movement despite the imprisonment and interrogation of a number of persons suspected of contributing to the Lithuanian Catholics' underground "Chronicle of the Lithuanian Catholic Church."

Drunken Teetotaler

On March 10, 1976 at 10:00 A.M., the car that Father Zdebskis was driving was stopped by the police. The police demanded the domestic passports of the four people in the car. (All Soviet citizens are required to have these passports with them at all times.)

The passengers were a young invalid woman, on her way to the hospital in Vilna, her father, and another man. The police charged that Father Zdebskis was driving while "under the influence." Father Zdebskis was taken to a mental hospital in Vilna. There a doctor took his pulse and asked him to breathe into a cup containing a red liquid. She then stated that the priest was "intoxicated." Father Zdebskis was upset, since he is a teetotaler, and he demanded a thorough blood test. The doctor refused. Father Zdebskis lost his driver's license, which made it more difficult for him to visit his parishioners in the countryside.

The main purpose of the incident, of course, was to destroy the priest's reputation. The newspaper campaign began the next day with a headline calling Zdebskis "unstable." The KGB had not succeeded with beatings and imprisonment, but they hoped to have better luck with character assassination. Zdebskis's fellow Catholics were not fooled. Hundreds of members of his congregation protested directly to the Lithuanian KGB chief, and several priests publicly denounced the KGB's methods.

A fellow believer wrote a letter to the Soviet-Lithuanian government asking: "Is it possible that a shrewder manner in which to slander a priest can't be found? I appeal to the council of ministers to take the appropriate steps to see to it that whoever it was who devised this farce be locked up. Father Zdebskis's whole life has been an unbroken chain of good acts and a struggle for the ideals of Christianity."

Father Juozas Zdebskis faces an uncertain future, but he continues his uneven struggle with the Soviet state and Party apparatus. Strengthened by the unflagging support of dissident Lithuanian Catholics, and by the attention they have succeeded in drawing to this case from the West, his struggle of conscience continues. □

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Excitement over El Salvador

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

LARGE DEMONSTRATIONS have recently taken place in Frankfurt in support of the revolutionaries in El Salvador. As always, this reaction had a variety of causes. There is the barely concealed hostility to the United States ("Wall Street is siding with the rich against the poor"); there is the strange phenomenon the Germans call *Fernstenliebe*, love not for your neighbor but for people you don't know, who live far away; there is the leftist concept of class war; and there is the widely accepted belief that aristocratic militarists oppress not only the poor, but also intellectuals, artists, and the Catholic Church. In El Salvador the culprits are not businessmen and bankers but the big landowners.

Some of the accusations have a basis of truth. Not long ago, 14 families owned most of El Salvador. But under the present government of military men, Christian Democrats, and moderate Socialists, two radical agrarian reforms have taken place. The first gave the State ownership of the large estates, a move which increased peasant resistance to the revolution; the second distributed the land to individual farmers, and this more or less turned the tide of popular sentiment.

The Church and the Left

As is true in so many Latin American countries, the Church has given considerable support to the revolutionaries. The principal—though hardly the sole—reason for this is that theologians and parish priests, monks and bishops, study politics and sociology but very rarely economics. They buy the notion that some people are poor because others are rich—a simple, though patently false, idea. The main reasons that the bulk of Latin Americans are poor, while equally underprivileged but hard-working East Indians do so well, are easily discernible: high illegitimacy rates and unstable families among the Latin Americans, plus alcoholism, drugs, and, exacerbating all of these, the absence of *la gana de trabajar*, the disposition for hard and systematic work.

But where, in all of this, does the United States come in? Washington wants one thing: reliable friends to the south. If the revolutionaries succeed, El Salvador will join Cuba and possibly Nicaragua in the enemy camp. Once in power, the revolutionaries will become more repressive and relentless than their predecessors. Cuba was freer under Batista than it is under Castro. In statecraft as in medicine, the principle *primum non nocere*—first of all, avoid doing harm—should be observed.

When Christianity Came

Christianity came to Central America and northern South America 470 years ago, but it has never obliterated or totally replaced the pagan superstitions and beliefs of the native Indians. I confess that I have never been to El Salvador, but I know neighboring Guatemala well. (I lost a good friend there when the German ambassador was abducted by "guerrilleros" and slaughtered.) Only 110 miles (as the crow flies) from the border of El Salvador lies the town of Cantel in Guatemala. At its southwestern entrance stands a monument to Justo Rufino Barrios; at its northern entrance is a monument to 11 Indios executed there under his rule. Barrios, a nineteenth century tyrant of Neronic proportions, conceived a crazy plan to unite all of Central America under his rule. This led to a coalition against him, and Barrios eventually fell in battle; but not before he had spent years trying to eradicate Christianity and executing large numbers of Christian Indians.

The Church in Guatemala has never recovered. Only 12 per cent of all the country's priests are native *Guatemaltecos*; the pagan religions have been revived, witchcraft is practiced, and superstitions thrive. In the village of Suñil, for example, an Indio family stuffed a dark suit, added a mask and a Panama hat, and thus made a figure resembling a New York City bank clerk circa 1910. He is called "San Shimón" and is worshipped by the people of that village. Gifts and burning candles surround him. Suñil, like Cantel, has a beautiful church, a school, a fairly large factory, good road connections, and an excellent climate; it is by no means cut off from civilization.

I mention this to show that these people live on a different wave-length from ours, and that it makes no sense to stick our labels on them or their culture. In the words of the dying Simón Bolivar: "There is no trust in the Americas, neither in individuals nor in nations: the constitutions are books, the treaties scraps of paper, the elections battles, liberty is anarchy, and life a torture." With regard to El Salvador, the German Federal Republic's statistical yearbook for 1968 shows that this small and (for its economy) overpopulated country then held the world record for murder and manslaughter. Colombia and Mexico ranked not far below. Occupying the bottom spot on this list was another Hispanic, not too modern, Catholic nation ruled by an authoritarian government: Spain. Yet we have young people today in Frankfurt apparently believing that the revolutionaries in El Salvador can cure all that country's ills.

The howling youngsters are, naturally, no brighter in their judgments on Central America than most journalists, newspaper editors, radio commentators, and television stars, or than the priests and monks who have again shown their naïveté about that part of the world. (Remember the U.S. Catholic press hailing Castro, or German Catholic publishers issuing volume after volume on Camilo Torres, "the guerrilla priest.") There have always been idealistic but intellectually limited churchmen (those whom Spengler referred to as *Priesterpöbel*, the clerical mob), and what a pitiful lot they are. But one thing is certain: after a leftist takeover, the Catholic Church in El Salvador will—as all churches have from the earliest days of the French, Russian, and German revolutions onward—receive a well-deserved heave-ho for their sympathy with the insurgents' cause. □

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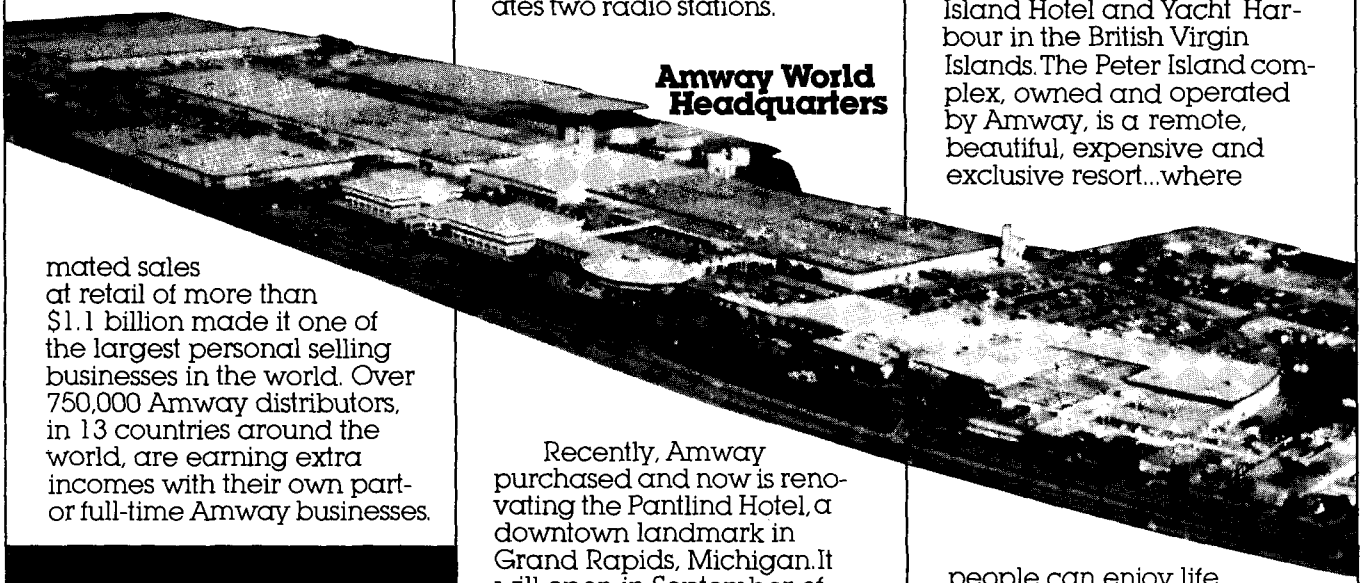
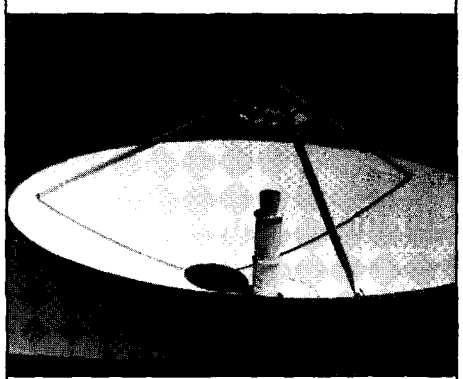
Amway -an American success story.

Since it was organized in Ada, Michigan, just over twenty-one years ago, Amway Corporation has experienced continuing and impressive growth. In 1980, Amway's estimated sales at retail of more than $1.1 billion made it one of the largest personal selling businesses in the world. Over 750,000 Amway distributors, in 13 countries around the world, are earning extra incomes with their own part- or full-time Amway businesses.



Amway World Headquarters



Mutual Broadcasting System

But the Amway story doesn't stop there. Amway is also a diversified corporation with properties in a variety of business areas.

In 1978, Amway bought the Mutual Broadcasting System, the world's largest radio network. From its headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, Mutual furnishes news, sports, special events and public affairs programming to more than 1000 affiliate stations. Mutual also owns and operates two radio stations.

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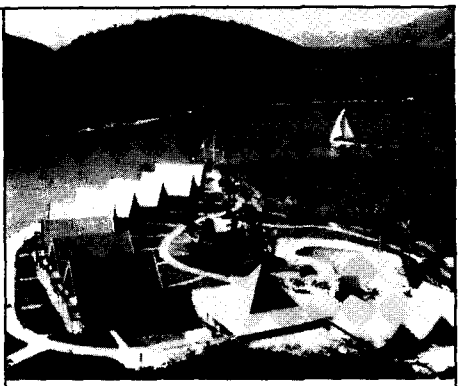
In addition, Amway is constructing an adjacent 28-story hotel tower to be completed in 1983. Altogether, the Amway Grand Plaza will offer 700 deluxe accommodations in the heart of the city's retail, commercial and cultural center.

Amway Grand Plaza Hotel



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Amway

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The Fate of MODERNISM

RUTH BERENSON

In February New Yorkers were exposed to three simultaneous surveys of contemporary art meant to acquaint them with the "pluralism"—that's the new catchword—of the 1980s; a second purpose was to increase their exposure to artists from the boondocks whose names are unfamiliar on Manhattan's 57th Street or in SoHo. The largest and most pretentious of these shows was the Whitney Museum's Biennial; it included film, video, and performance art along with painting, sculpture (mainly outdoor pieces shown in photographs), and photography, and was selected by a four-man team of curators. The other shows—*19 Artists: Emergent Americans* at the Guggenheim, and *New Works on Paper* at the Museum of Modern Art—were chosen by individuals: Peter Frank, art critic of the *SoHo News*, acted for the Guggenheim, and John Elderfield, Director of the Drawings Department, for the Modern.

Apparently both museums hoped that a personal slant would endow their displays with a unity and coherence hard to achieve by committee, but this did not happen. Though there was almost no overlapping in the artists shown, the three displays were depressingly similar—and profoundly depressing. They strongly indicated that today American art is undergoing what the German art historian Hans Sedlmayr described as early as 1948 as *Der Verlust der Mitte* (the loss of the center), and that it has exchanged its previous vitality and vigor for banality and ineptitude.

Echoes of the 1950s, when Abstract Expressionism generated an excitement that made New York the world's acknowledged art capital, still persist. Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler (both of whom were represented at the Whitney), and Robert Motherwell (who was not), major figures of the first and second generations of Abstract Expressionism, are still active, though age and a changing *Zeitgeist* have taken their toll. De Kooning substitutes ice-cream pastels for the densities of line and color that marked his painting in the late Forties, when he was at the height of his power and inventiveness; while Motherwell, who has devoted much of his career to numbered *Elegies to the Spanish Republic*—somber renderings in black and white with touches of yellow and red—has finally admitted (in his last show at Knoedler's) that the Spanish Civil War is over, though he has not let this affect his style.

Younger artists like Dan Christensen still mine the Abstract Expressionist vein, but both the movement's strength and the mystique with which sycophantic critics like Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg surrounded it have dissipated. Now that they no longer shock, one can see Jackson Pollock's dripped interlacings as outgrowths of Kandinsky's first experiments in abstraction, the *Improvisations* he started painting in 1912; while Mark Rothko's glowing rectangles take their place at the end of the long Luminist tradition in American landscape art. The thought occurs that the early deaths of these two, who were possibly the most gifted of the group, may in the long run enhance their reputations at the expense of their longer-lived contemporaries who seem to repeat themselves ad infinitum.

Color-Field and Hard-Edge painting, the essence of art chic in the 1960s, now pack no more wallop than, say, the logo on Vantage cigarettes or any other of their numerous commercial derivatives. This style demanded little of the artist and nothing of the viewer: stripes, concentric circles, triangles on unsized canvases, applied either freehand so that the color sank into the fabric or with tapes so the contours were crisp. They could be taken in at a glance and resembled nothing so much as the brightly colored parquetry blocks with which this writer made endless geometrical patterns as a child. In the 1970s Frank Stella, an early proponent of Hard-Edge and a pioneer in the use of the "shaped" canvas, broke with it; he now makes wall sculptures of corrugated aluminum, cut by machine and then crudely and freely painted. Though obviously derived from Russian Constructivism of the 1920s (which has become a fertile source for young sculptors like Tom Holst at the Guggenheim), they have a hand-made look that contrasts with their inspiration and with Stella's own earlier simplicities.

If Color-Field art proved of minimal significance, what can one say about Minimalism—Dan Flavin's empty boxes, Sol Lewitt's modular cubes, the square pile of bricks by Carl André whose acquisition by the Tate Gallery provoked such (justifiable) outrage from the London public? Neither the Guggenheim nor the Modern included Minimalism in its show this year; the Whitney allotted a large dim empty gallery to Michael Brewster for the installation of a machine that beeped electronically at regular intervals. Considering how strapped the museum was for space, this seems overtolerant. It was less so when it came to Photo-Realism, that offshoot of Pop Art which was hailed in the Early Seventies

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as the inevitable "return to recognizable subject matter" which critics had been predicting for 25 years. Those slickly painted photographs of store windows and shopping centers were conspicuous by their absence from all three shows. However, Jim Richard's *Viewing the Sculpture*, a pink and blue picture-windowed interior which was straightfacedly described in the Guggenheim catalogue as containing "the most astonishingly lambent light this side of a Caspar David Friedrich," celebrates suburban banality with Photo-Realist enthusiasm.

As to the Pop artists of old, they're still around producing variations on their early themes. Roy Lichtenstein paints comic-strip enlargements of paintings by Matisse and Picasso instead of *Terry and the Pirates*; Jim Dine fritters away his considerable talent as a draftsman and printmaker on oversized toothbrushes and limp bathrobes; and Christo is trying to persuade the New York city fathers, so far without success, to let him string 11,000 steel-supported gold and orange banners along 25 miles of pathways in Central Park.

This leaves us—apart from Earth Art (which blossoms in the deserts of Nevada and New Mexico and is hence unrepresented on gallery walls except in photographic form), Body Art, and Performance Art (today's version of the "happenings" of the Sixties)—with Conceptualism. This relic from the Seventies might better be described as Neo-Dada, since it shares with that World War I phenomenon a determination to subvert all values; it is avowedly anti-art—all art, past and present—as well as anti art dealers, museums, and collectors; though, to be sure, it has profited from all three. It first appeared in America as an export from West Germany, and, since it demands neither skill nor profound thought, it is flourishing both here and there. It started out with words, sometimes intelligible, sometimes not: Hanne Darboven's *Homer's Odyssey* of 1971 presented 14 framed panels, each containing five pages of nearly illegible handwritten text: words as art. In this form it died a predictably quick death, but words in sentences or slogans—eked out with painted, crayoned, or penciled images, and adorned with bits of collage (usually throw-away junk)—were prominent at all three exhibitions; one practitioner, Joan Snyder, who makes agitprop for feminism, appeared at both the Whitney and the Modern.

Conceptualism in America also has indigenous roots in the combines Robert Rauschenberg was making thirty years ago. His use of the rich variety of litter on New York streets was original, for he did not transform it into something else as Picasso did with his "found objects"—the bicycle saddle and handlebars which he turned into the head of a bull, for instance. In Rauschenberg's *Monogram*—a mangy stuffed goat with a tire around his middle—it is the incongruity of goat and tire that shocks, then calls up associations in the viewer's mind. To Robert Hughes, author of the recent illuminating television series *The Shock of the New*, now available in book form, it is "one of the few great icons of male homosexual love in modern culture," an ingenious interpretation but not necessarily the only one. Whatever its meaning, the image is unforgettable; you can't help thinking about it.

But Conceptual art is far less subtle; it bombards the viewer with its message, political, sociological, self-pitying, or Freudian. Its stridency owes much to the example of the bad boy of West Germany, Joseph Beuys, who has become world-famous for his nose-thumbing. Beuys has made a virtue of his inability to draw, paint, or sculpt by making assemblages—he calls them "social sculptures"—of such dubious materials as felt, string, animal fat, barbed wire, dead animals, and other detritus, and by "performances" ridiculing democracy, the Vietnam War, and so on; his permanent work is snapped up by collectors, and he enjoys the lavish support of the West German government, evidence of Lenin's perspicacity when he asserted that "capitalists will sell us the rope to hang them with."

RECENT EXAMPLES of American Conceptualism have been aptly labeled—by its proponents—"junk art." Less inventive in its imagery than either Rauschenberg or Beuys, it relies on sure-fire symbols like mushroom clouds and photos of Castro and appears to enjoy considerable support in advanced circles like the New Museum (founded in 1977 by Marcia Tucker after she resigned as a Whitney curator to protest the museum's alleged discrimination against women) and at PS 1 in Queens, one of several abandoned New York City buildings that have been recycled as city-supported art centers.

Admittedly, this brief survey has played up the lows at the expense of several highs that have surfaced in recent years, mainly realists like Philip Pearlstein and Lenart Anderson (missing from all three shows). Both painters, curiously, use their undoubted skills with such detachment that one is re-

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: In *Toward the New Economics and Other Essays* (Harper & Row, $11.95) Peter F. Drucker considers where the New Economists will go after they have been forcibly wrenched away from their beloved Keynes. . . . *Politics, Socialism, and Historians* (Stein & Day, $15.95), by A. J. P. Taylor, is a collection of the author's occasional pieces on a battery of subjects, originally printed in multifarious forums.

Reynolds Price's new novel is *The Source of Light* (Atheneum, $13.95), about a young prep-school teacher who resigns to go to Oxford and search out his own "source." . . . Walter Laqueur's first novel, *Farewell to Europe* (Little, Brown, $12.95), is a not very successful account of a Jewish Berliner who survives Hitler's Europe and emigrates to the United States.

David Lewis's *When Harlem Was in Vogue* (Knopf, $17.95) describes the days of the Harlem Renaissance in the Twenties, when the place was known as "Afro-America's Paris."

■ MORE MAY TITLES: A. L. Rowse's *What Shakespeare Thought and Read* (Coward, McCann, $12.95) is an interesting foray into the formative habits, influences, and milieu of the playwright. . . . *Voltaire: A Biography* (Johns Hopkins, $14.95), by Haydn Mason, is apparently a useful contribution to the literature, drawing heavily on the philosopher's correspondence. We haven't seen it yet.

In *The Naked Man* (Harper & Row, $30), Claude Lévi-Strauss completes his four-volume study on the origins and connections of myths spread among Amerindian tribes of North and South America. . . . *Genes, Mind, and Culture* (Harvard, $20), by Charles J. Lumsden and Edward O. Wilson, brings biology and social science to bear on the subject of human evolution.

Dorothy L. Sayers: A Biography (Scribner's, $15.95), by James Brabazon, explores parallels between Miss Sayers's stories and episodes in her own life. —CW

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SUPPORT THE POPE

Catholic Christians need a monthly magazine devoted to the high-level discussion of general ideas that **stands with Pope John Paul II** in his struggle to save Christian orthodoxy from Hans Kung and other doubting theologians who have had a field day undermining the faith of a generation of Catholics. Just as *Commentary* magazine is the sensible alternative to the *New York Review of Books*, so Catholics need a sensible alternative to the network of Catholic opinion journals purveying dubious theology and pre-Christian morality. Now they have it.

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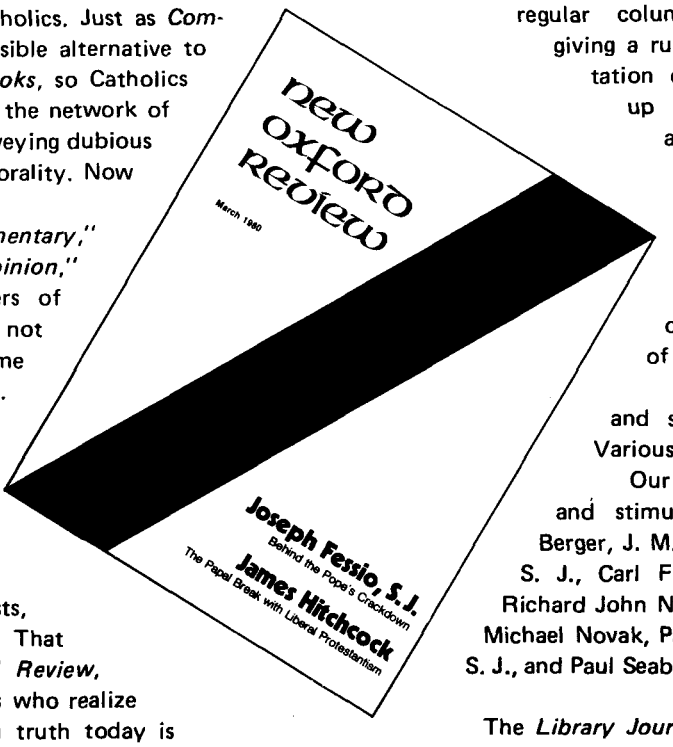

A current issue features a symposium on where and why **Pope John Paul II should be supported by all orthodox Christians.** Each contributor is a prominent *non*-Roman Catholic.

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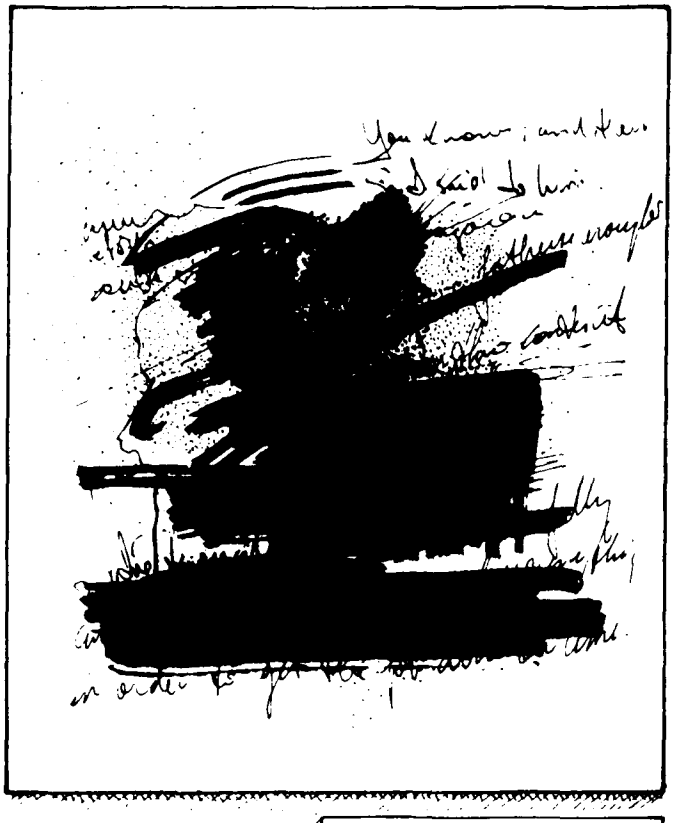
minded of Minimalism. A number of others, also talented, are dabbling in surrealism, among them William Haney, whose *Looking inside a Revelation* at the Guggenheim handled complex interior spaces with the virtuosity of a Peter de Hooch. It has also neglected photography, which, if the Whitney and the recent show at PS 1 can be regarded as typical, seems to be attracting gifted youngsters who in other times might have become painters; one wonders if this may not be because the technical demands made by serious photography present more of a challenge than their total absence in most painting today.

FEW WOULD question the fact that the vitality and promise that made American art so exhilarating thirty years ago have utterly dissipated. What happened? Of course one cannot isolate a particular movement or point to a certain moment when decline set in. Both Hilton Kramer, art critic of the *New York Times*, and Robert Hughes place much responsibility on the dealers, collectors, and museum curators who, abetted by the mass media, have turned art into a commodity, jumping on every bandwagon to embrace newness for its own sake. Back in the 1940s, when Abstract Expressionism emerged, many were caught short by their refusal to recognize its genuineness, not to mention its staying power. This taught them a lesson; ever since, they have been falling over each other pushing the latest "ism" and keeping their eyes peeled for the next—*which is doubtless why the dapper Leo* Castelli, discoverer of Pop Art, Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, and many others, was among those present at the opening of the PS 1 show.



Last November, Kramer observed that "the high art of modernism is in the process of being converted into the popular culture of the educated classes." True, but he need not have been so cautious; to all intents and purposes, the process is complete, and it embraces the semi-educated as well as the considerably fewer educated. Hughes puts it succinctly: "Modernism is now our official culture." The crowds of people trying to get into the Modern Museum's Picasso extravaganza last summer, many of whom may never before have seen an art exhibition, surely illustrate this transformation.

To many high-school kids, art seems an easy profession, one in which, with a bit of luck, almost anyone can become rich and famous before he's thirty—look at Andy Warhol. So the art schools are crowded, the more so since it's common knowledge that a bachelor's or master's degree in Fine Arts looks good on the fellowship applications which every student must become an expert at if he is to survive long enough for a dealer to discover him. And whereas in earlier times it was traditional for art students to rebel against the drudgery imposed on them by their teachers, today they find art school a breeze; drudgery in the form of a painstaking acquisition of painterly skills is no longer part of art education.

Sometime in the 1940s most art schools abandoned it for fear that if they persisted in imposing time-hallowed standards and practices they, like the critics blind to Abstract Expressionism or Pop, would be labeled with that dread epithet, reactionary. At Pratt Institute, one of New York's most respected schools, the art major is required to take only two "foundation courses": "Color and Design" and "Form and Space." These are meant to teach him to "think visually," whatever that means. Technical instruction—life classes, drawing, printmaking, and the like—is included on a list of electives along with filmmaking, video art, ceramics, advertising, you name it. This downgrading of craftsmanship in favor of a Conceptualist approach has become so common that Hilton Kramer, on a visit a few months ago to the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax (an institution known for its apostleship of the new), was dumbfounded to discover that "the really new thing [there] was the rediscovery—of all things—of painting. I mean painting with brushes and pigment and canvas. There were even said to be people there . . . who were putting away their video cameras and taking up, well, the pencil."

COULD this be a portent of the future? Perhaps. A couple of months before Kramer's article appeared, two former teachers at the Brooklyn Museum Art School, Francis Cunningham and Barney Hodes, announced the opening of the New Brooklyn School of Drawing and Life Painting, with quarters in Brooklyn's PS 4, another abandoned schoolhouse. It offers training "in the techniques of representation based on close observation of nature [including] the living model . . . with the specific teaching of anatomy and perspective." As the prospectus notes, theirs is a return "to fundamentals of aesthetics and techniques that have been the

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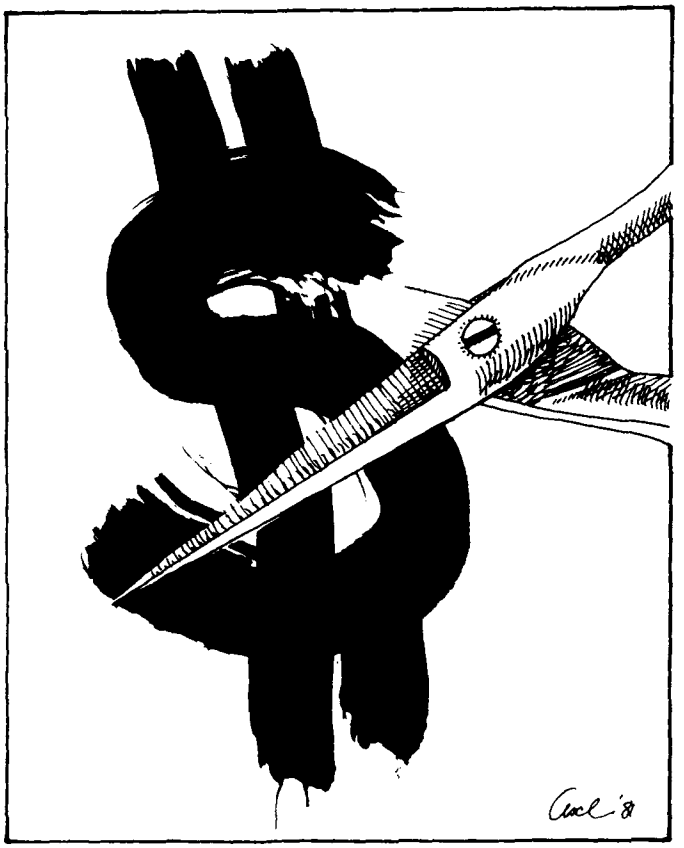

foundation of Western art since the Renaissance." As of this writing they have 45 students, and we wish them well.

Naturally there is considerable hand-wringing in the art world about the Reagan budget cuts, which threaten to halve the $173 million that supports the National Endowment for the Arts and the $165 million given the National Endowment for the Humanities, for total savings of $171 million. Already protest forces are mobilizing, but everybody realizes that Congress will worry more about the victims of food-stamp curtailment than about the artists, and they are filled with foreboding. What makes the outlook even blacker is the likelihood that states and cities will also have to scale down their art programs, if not proportionately, at least drastically. It is widely believed that, in the wake of all this, corporation support of the arts, which has risen phenomenally in the past decade, will also drop off, though as yet there is no evidence for this.

These prophets see nothing but disaster ahead. Museums, from large ones like the Metropolitan to experimental ones like the New Museum, are in a panic. Staging those crowd-pulling block-buster exhibitions—*The Search for Alexander*, for instance—will become much more difficult; and this may result in a falling-off of those attendance figures that count for so much with foundations and corporate donors. Everybody with money to give, especially the National Endowments, will have to be more modest and more choosy in their largesse—and also more practical. Up to now they have all favored special projects like *Alexander*, refusing requests for help with unglamorous but often vital housekeeping items like guards' salaries or a new roof, which don't make for publicity. Perhaps they will react differently if museums find themselves in real trouble. Nevertheless, there is a strong possibility that some, especially newer ones inadequately financed, may go under.

Those in charge of cutting up the new, smaller eleemosynary pie will obviously become more powerful than ever. But if they fulfill their task with taste and discrimination, this, too, may be all to the good. "Patronage" has become another dirty word, yet perhaps art—and artists—could benefit if patrons were as fussy as they were in, say, the Renaissance: Giulio de' Medici, later Pope Clement VII, made Michelangelo's life miserable by demanding changes in the designs for the Medici Chapel even after the artists had begun working on it; while Isabella d'Este dictated to Perugino and Mantegna exactly what figures were to be included in the paintings she commissioned from them, and how they were to be disposed.

Today, no patron, public or private, would dream of such behavior. Probably the last one to interfere with an artist's freedom was old John D. Rockefeller, who, outraged when Diego Rivera included an heroic portrait of Lenin in his Rockefeller Center mural, ordered it removed. Yet Renaissance artists did not resent having to conform to a patron's vagaries; on the contrary, Michelangelo told his biographer, Condivi, that Clement VII "had an exceptional understanding of the artistic process" and that the changes actually helped him. Today, only his dealer feels free to tell an artist how or what he should paint, and for every Ambroise Vollard (who had the wit to commission and publish at his own expense Picasso's glorious illustrations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*), there are hundreds whose chief interest lies in cajoling the artist to keep turning out what has been selling; only rarely do they encourage him to strike out on new paths, or to ripen and mature.

The ripple effect of the budget cuts is likely to touch the whole commercial art world. If inflation really levels off, and if supply-side economics works as it is supposed to, many will probably put their money into profitable businesses instead of investing in art as a hedge against an uncertain future; this may mean that the record-breaking prices of the last few years will become ancient history, though perhaps not for old masters, since fewer and fewer of them will come on the market. The status of newer art is far less secure; its prices could plummet.

Young would-be artists who, except for fellowships and grants-in-aid, would have blushed unseen or starved in garrets, will have a rough time; no longer will they be able to "find themselves" while living at taxpayers' expense. It seems safe to predict that the number of those calling themselves painters or sculptors or video artists will be sharply reduced as more and more rejoin society and get an honest job.

The next few years are sure to witness a transformation—certainly in a material sense and probably also in a spiritual sense—of the world of art. Clearly, the crisis that Western art is facing has roots that go deep into the past. Future historians may discern, as we cannot, that the fungi of decay have been slowly developing even while twentieth century art, bursting with energy and promise, was experiencing the extraordinary efflorescence of its first fifty years. It was then that art, for the first time in thousands and thousands of years, deliberately sought to sever its connection with life. It succeeded in doing so—but its very success may have contained the seeds of its own destruction. □

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Henry Adams
By R. P. Blackmur
Edited by Veronica Makowsky
Harcourt Brace, 354 pp., $19.95

ADAMS AS PROPHET

PAUL LUKACS

Henry Adams saw his life as a bridge spanning the gulf between a world defined by antiquated, invalid symbols and one defined by barely understandable forces. Feeling that he had been born both too late and too early, he called himself an "eighteenth century man" with a "twentieth century career," and his struggle to make sense of this paradox took form in curious ways: a revulsion toward politics that never allowed him to escape their force, an increasing obsession with the Middle Ages, and a book about his "education," an education that was by his own admission a failure.

R. P. Blackmur's *Henry Adams* testifies to the strong attraction the late critic felt toward Adams's struggle. Blackmur saw himself in Adams, especially in the Adams of the *Education*, and this sense of personal identification seriously flaws what might have been a very fine book. "In Adams," writes Blackmur, "the attractive force is in the immediate relevance that his life and energy have for our own. The problems he posed of human energy and human society are felt at once to be special and emphatic articulations of our own problems."

That is an especially annoying use of the passive voice; Blackmur may have felt that the problems Adams posed were his as well, but the leap from identification to representation is a large and in this case unjustified one. Adams's genius lay in his ability to channel his great personal pride into impersonal modesty, his ability to use his own experience as a model or a mannikin, and he was representative only in so far as his sense of loss and drift was genuine. His only attempt at representation in the larger sense, at a universalizing principle, was the famous union of Virgin and dynamo; but that was a convenient marriage of despair, fated for a quick divorce, and Adams himself recognized it as such. "Clearly if he was bound to reduce all these forces to a common value," he wrote, "this common value could have no measure but that of their attraction on his own mind." Adams was an interpreter, not a prophet, and he did not pretend otherwise.

Blackmur, however, wants his Henry Adams as a prophet. He insists on seeing Adams's admitted failure as a success, and his insistence does not allow him to look at either Adams's nineteenth century world or his own twentieth century one without the blinders of imitation and supplication. Thus Blackmur considers Adams as the representative American artist, but in the process he loses sight of the specific historical circumstances of which Adams was so aware.

Blackmur claims that Adams's central theme was "thought or imagination conceived of as the form of human energy," but for Adams this conception was a last hope, a final attempt to fend off chaos. It was not his central theme, but rather a metaphor he took from the dynamo, one he expanded to include the medieval Virgin and his hope for unity. Faced with what he thought to be a revolution in consciousness, an age in which the old forces (especially reason and power) seemed ineffective, Adams searched for something that would connect the apparent chaos of the present with the past. His answer was the metaphor of energy, and the connection came in his realization that faith, too, requires energy. But faith requires work and sacrifice even more than energy, and the union of Virgin and dynamo was simply too convenient and too easy. Adams knew this, as the structure of the *Education* makes clear. Blackmur refuses to see it. Like too many twentieth century intellectuals, he believes that a symbolic union can solve the problems that created it, and that a moral dilemma can be resolved by metaphysical speculation.

Blackmur died in 1965, and this book was pieced together from his papers housed in the Princeton University library. It is in many ways a very good book. Blackmur's ability to treat a text both respectfully and critically, testimony to his New Critical principles, leads at times to brilliant readings—for example, his delineation of the relationship between knowledge and ignorance, and his discussion of the role of symbols in the creative imagination. It is also, obviously, an unfinished, fragmented book; Blackmur planned to write several volumes, and the one we have contains huge gaps.

Most importantly, it is a dated book. Much of it was written in the Thirties and Forties, when one could perhaps see Adams as the articulator of our own twentieth century dilemma. That is not possible today. Blackmur is tremendously attracted by Adams's interest in the Middle Ages, feeling, like Adams, that the defining forces of the twentieth century are radically new, and that by looking back we may renew our capacity for faith and survival. Yet it seems clear that the forces threatening us today are not new, that they have their origin not in the dynamo but in the consciousness that created it—the same consciousness that, in one of Adams's favorite images, danced on an altar as an offering to the Virgin Mary. That is a pretty picture, but it does little to solve the dilemma of individual helplessness and loss that Blackmur and Adams felt so acutely. Henry Adams recognized the necessity for individual faith, but he nonetheless maintained a persistent skepticism toward Christianity; for whatever reason, he could not make the leap required of the faithful. Blackmur says that true understanding requires "faith as the medium of appreciation." But faith is the medium of more than appreciation, and faith in Henry Adams is not good enough. □

Rene Kuhn Bryant *is a freelance critic and contributor of long standing to* NR. . . . **Paul Lukacs** *is a graduate student of literature at Johns Hopkins.*

Clover
By Otto Friedrich
Simon & Schuster, 368 pp., $12.95

MRS. HENRY ADAMS

RENE KUHN BRYANT

If Marian ("Clover") Hooper of the Boston Hoopers had not, in June 1872, married Henry Adams of the presidential Adamses only to end her life 13 years later as a sudden, unexplained suicide, it is doubtful that she would ever

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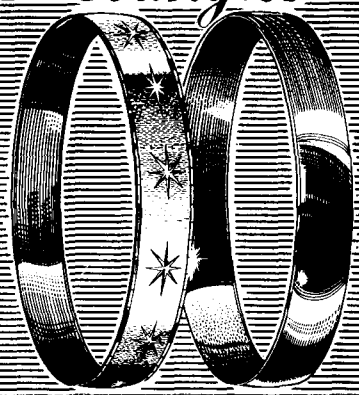

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have drawn more than a passing nod from historians and biographers. Certainly, it appears to have been the mystery of her death rather than any qualities of character or personality that have impelled Otto Friedrich to explore her strangely foreshortened life. He has done this thoroughly and readably in *Clover*, a biography that can probably best be described as being as detailed and sympathetic as circumstances would permit.

The circumstances themselves add to the mystery. Despite the fact that the Adams family, including all their connections by marriage, is probably the most exhaustively self-documented in history (the Adams archive in the Massachusetts Historical Society runs to 300,000 pages), and despite the further fact that Clover Adams was as compulsive a correspondent as any born Adams, the written record—her own and others'—is curiously unrevealing and provocatively unsatisfying.

From surface evidence, this spirited, strong-minded, snobbish woman, the devoted younger daughter of a prominent physician (left a widower when Clover was only five years old, he never remarried), was apparently typical of her time, her social class, and her environment. With other daughters of the intellectually lively rich, she attended a school run by Louis Agassiz and his wife, Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, where she learned botany from the master, as well as classics, mathematics, archeology, and history, some of it from moonlighting Harvard professors. She saw her only brother join dozens of cousins and friends in active service with the Union Army during the Civil War while she and her sister worked as volunteers for the Sanitary Commission. She was in Washington to cheer the victory parade of the Army of the Potomac in the spring of 1865 at the invitation of an uncle in Congress. And in 1866 she toured Europe with her father and, while in London, met Henry Adams for the first time. Six years later they were married, and, for her biographer, opacity sets in.

While Henry Adams worked as a teacher (Harvard), an editor (*The North American Review*), and, later, a writer and historian, Clover occupied herself with the newly popular art of photography (at which she became surprisingly expert), and with cultivating a reputation as a fashionable political hostess in Washington (for which she

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won mixed reviews from her contemporaries). Childless, Henry and Clover were seen as devoted and ideally matched. Yet evidence of any sort, either to substantiate or refute this view, is thin, when it is not totally absent. Most telling of all, in the painfully self-searching autobiographical classic, *The Education of Henry Adams*, which Adams wrote for private printing 21 years after Clover's death, he scrupulously avoids any mention of her and omits any allusion to their 13 years of marriage. It is as if she had never existed, much less as Mrs. Henry Adams.

When the pickings for a biographer are so slight, the alternative is to digress. Friedrich seizes the opportunity happily and before long has turned what purports to be a biography of an individual into a lovingly, intelligently drawn portrait of an age. Fortunately for Friedrich, Clover's lifetime, the middle forty years of the nineteenth century, were rich with activity, achievement, and drama in every segment of American life. Marvelously colorful figures crowded the foreground of every profession from politics to architecture. And most of them could be seen as having had some connection, however tenuous, to Henry or Clover Adams or to some member of one or another of their families.

So skillful a researcher and reporter is Friedrich that the essential irrelevancy of much of what is included in *Clover* is not apparent until the last page has been turned and we find ourselves still face to face with the unanswered question with which the book began: what was it in Clover Adams, in her heritage, in her life with Henry Adams, which drove her to leave her breakfast table one winter morning and, without a word of explanation, swallow a fatal dose of cyanide while her unsuspecting husband prepared to go for a walk?

It is not that Friedrich does not address the question; he does, repeatedly, and from many angles of vision, ranging from speculative probing of the nature of marriage to an Adams, to the effects of the couple's childlessness, to mournful musing over the pattern of suicide that seemed to haunt the Hooper line. In the end, Clover remains an enigma and, it must be said, too fragmentary in Friedrich's reconstruction to seem a particularly interesting or compelling personage. By then, however, that no longer seems a matter for regret, since, in the course of the search for her secret, Friedrich has lured us down a dozen different by-paths, all of which have proved entertaining to explore.

Clover Adams may never find a satisfactory biographer; the world she lived in will never have a better one. □

Theists and Atheists: A Typology of Non-Belief
By Thomas Molnar
Mouton, 219 pp., $28

GOD'S INSTITUTION

JOSEPH SOBRAN

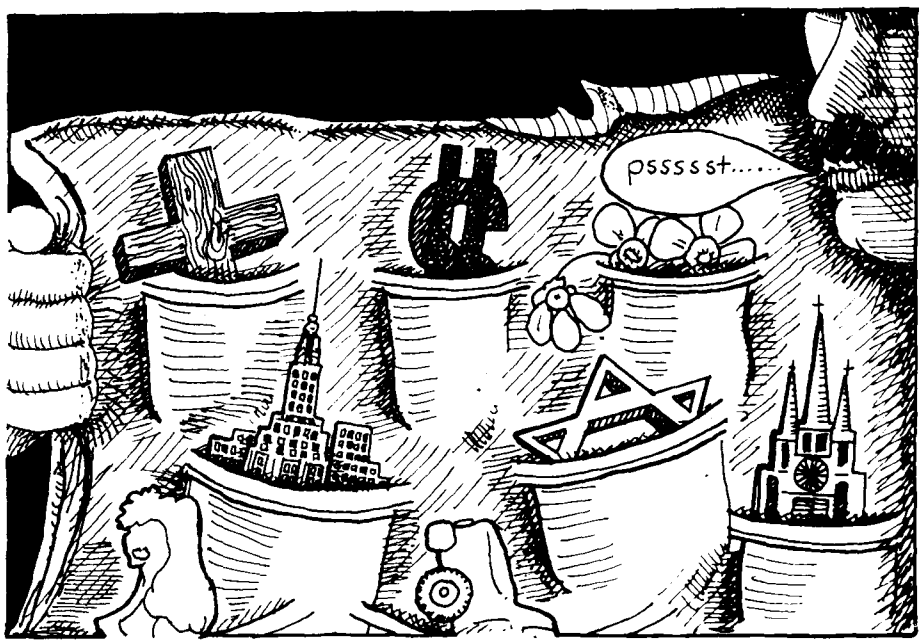
Like Eric Voegelin, Thomas Molnar refuses to chop history into ancient-medieval-modern segments. For him there are perennial truths and (in a phrase from one of his books) perennial heresies. The delusion that there is a new breed of "modern" men reflects only contemporary heretics' ignorance of their antecedents.

What *is* new is the number of people who think novelty a great—indeed essential—virtue. Every old socialist will preface his snore-provoking manifesto with the announcement that he is about to proffer "new ideas" about "new societies." That kind of talk can only irritate the spiritual Aristotelian, whatever his creed, because he realizes that ideas need anchorage in *reality*, dammit, and why can't this bore *see* something so obvious? "New" ideas are usually false.

They are also usually old. Molnar makes that clear enough, but he isn't debunking them by revealing their age. To his eminently Aristotelian mind, their age creates a certain presumption in their favor: it may mean that they express perennial insights.

"Theism and atheism are fundamental choices which need to be articulated," he announces. "They were articulated at the dawn of speculation and of prophetism, in Hellas and in Judea." A devout theist, he takes both seriously. His book is a genetic account of the forms of atheism—"a typology of non-belief."

He begins with the crucial observation that real dogmatic atheism is rare. Men usually take the divine, the ultimate, seriously and speak of it—and act toward it—positively. Modern atheism often turns out to have affinities with truncated theisms, like pantheism, in which the divine is not sufficiently differentiated from the lower forms of being. By the same token, theisms often degenerate into similar truncations, with outwardly orthodox Christians using religious language and symbols as disguises for radically un-Christian doctrines. Molnar argues that Hegel, a professing Lutheran, was of this breed, perhaps for social reasons. He suggests that Kierkegaard, genuinely devout, lapsed into subjectivism without realizing how gravely he had compromised the metaphysical substance of Christianity. Then again, there are trendy types to whom it is hard even to apply the category of sincerity: Harvey Cox has defined God as "whatever it is within the vast spectacle of cosmic evolution which inspires and supports the endless



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struggle for liberation." (We don't know what God is, but He wouldn't approve of Ronald Reagan.)

Whether a man shakes or nods his head at the syllable "God" is therefore not much help in putting him on the credal map. You might think it was a social matter, with atheism disguising itself until it was safe to come out of the closet, but you would be wrong. Ultimately, it is just plain difficult in *any* terminology to specify the real nature of the divine and our relation to it. A typology of belief or non-belief requires semantic and philosophic sophistication.

Consider Kant, whom Alexandre Kojève (don't worry, I'd never heard of him before either) called a "hypocritical skeptic." Paraphrasing Kojève, Molnar says Kant was "unable to choose between his theoretical conclusions"—skeptical—"and his self-imposed moral stance"—fideist Lutheran. "He solved the problem by compressing the transcendent objects into a gratuitously devised 'Thing-in-itself,' supposedly real but beyond knowledge—then by making sure that the Thing-in-itself has no relevance for the operations of speculative reason." Thus was the objective problem of God's existence deferred—and for all practical purposes banished.

The positivist schools of philosophy might seem to dispose of God methodologically. Other Continental schools, from Idealism to Existentialism, were more direct, either redefining God or denying, even damning Him. Feuerbach, like Kant, more or less identified Him with human aspirations. Hegel more or less identified Him with the Absolute Spirit manifest in history, especially historical bigshots like Napoleon. Rationalists and Marxists have wanted to give Him a blunt heave-ho.

The upshot of all these strands of unbelief has been to weaken religion *institutionally*. But this hasn't necessarily meant that modern man has sunk into prosaic materialism, *sans* pie-in-the-sky. Again like Voegelin, Molnar is particularly attentive to the divinization of man, which has usually meant a corporate, emerging mankind assuming divine attributes through historical process.

Theologians have fallen in line with this sort of blasphemous secularism:

> Men like Tillich, Robinson, Küng, and others hope to save God for things other than religion: for great mundane projects like "socialist society" which otherwise would be confiscated by secular movements like liberalism or Marxism. But this is clearly a desperate use of God and of belief; it borrows the residual energy that God's name calls forth, with which to vitalize the builders of the secular city. Tillich himself speaks of "revitalizing the concept of protest" in Protestant societies where social injustice is rampant.

Harvey Cox is just around the corner.

One tipoff to the real commitments of such theologians is that they almost never protest the persecution of the institutional Church in the Communist empire. Nor do they raise their lumbering voices against the persecution of the smaller Bible-centered sects like Baptists and Seventh-Day Adventists. The fate of traditional Christianity, in all its permutations, is of no concern to them: its extermination would not qualify as "social injustice." Or evil.

As he defends rationality in religion, so Molnar defends religious institutions. They are mandated, quite simply, by the way God made man.

> Can one . . . say that the corporate body is inessential, that the ideal would be the I-Thou dialogue between God and man, without mediation? But what does "ideal" mean here? Would it be ideal if, for every saint, prophet, or great mystic, millions would fall into disbelief for lack of these fortifying ingredients of faith? A religion is not only its moments of culmination, it is also a network for the weak, the average, the hesitant, the faltering. The "institutional" side is thus as essential as the rest.

Further:

> The final conclusion, even if it disappoints some people, is that human beings are made in a certain way and not otherwise. When truth comes to them, they congregate around it, speculate along the lines it suggests, surround and protect it with a network of human and objectual relationships. This is then what is called an institution. Religious truth is no exception, it too gives rise to institutions, the only way of protection and continuity known to man. No matter how strenuously this is denied, the negators themselves incorporate their contrary inspiration at the first opportunity . . .

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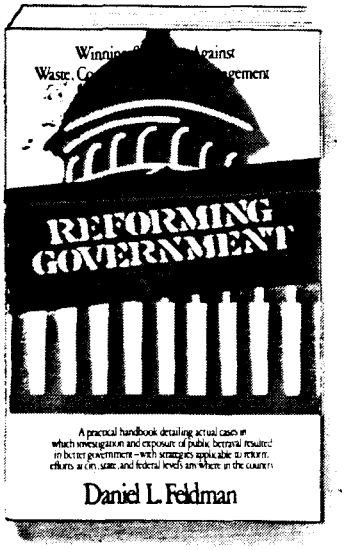

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This book, like all the author's works, is so profound and thought-provoking that I hate to register a complaint. But I must. Its prose is often turgid; comma splices abound; "like" is used for "as." And for a small and forbiddingly costly book, its production is disgraceful. If the publisher couldn't bother with an editor, at least a proofreader might have been found to cut down on the typos. An important philosophical study deserves better. □

DELECTATIONS

WHEY OUT

NIKA HAZELTON

I have made so bold in the past as to share with you some of the information that trickles into the life of a food and wine writer. Let me now pass along a bulletin from Cornell University, carrying astounding news of an invention that will brighten your days, save you money, and help to solve a serious problem in certain regions of the U.S. as well as in countries such as Poland, England, and Ireland. The news, my friends, is that wine can now be made from whey, the by-product of cheese!

Little did I know until now of the problems that plague cheesemakers, besides the obvious ones of ensuring an adequate milk supply, clean water, and a grateful market. It appears that every pound of cheese produced leaves nine pounds of whey behind. New York State, producing about 450 million pounds of cheese a year, is stuck with some four billion pounds of whey annually. Nationally, about forty billion pounds of whey pour out of the cheese factories each year. Where do they go?

Before it became illegal, cheese manufacturers simply dumped their whey into streams and waterways. Now, they spend a great deal of money and energy maintaining lagoons in which the whey eventually loses its pollutive properties. Can you imagine a whole chain of pale whey lagoons, where pollution slowly disappears? But how does it go about disappearing? In a mist or a cloud? And where to? If we should be polluted by whey, do we turn into a piece of cheese?

But do not despair about the Great Whey Crisis, thanks to the whey wine developed by Frank V. Kosikowski, professor of food sciences at Cornell, in collaboration with Polish scientists. This wine is "brilliantly clear, pale-yellow, tart, and dry, with a subdued aroma and bouquet. If baked at 150° F. for two to three weeks the wine becomes sherry of a rich, amber color. It can also be distilled and aged to become brandy." Even better, the cost of producing a bottle of whey wine is less than half that of producing a bottle of grape wine. And, in addition to all of this, a by-product of making wine from whey is a valuable protein concentrate.

Not that the thought of a whey wine is new, according to the Cornell bulletin. It was tried as early as 1948, but the process was then too difficult and too costly. Nor is Professor Kosikowski the only one who's got whey on his mind these days; Oregon State University has independently developed a process for turning whey into wine.

Needless to say, making whey wine is a highly complicated technical process, which I will spare you any knowledge of. (If you must know about it, write to Susan Lang, News and Feature Service, G-20 Martha Van Rensselaer Hall, Ithaca, N.Y. 14853.) But, much as I admire achievers like Professor Kosikowski, I do wonder whether drinking whey wine along with your cheese is not somewhat incestuous. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

MiG Pilot, *by John Barron (Reader's Digest Press/McGraw-Hill, 224 pp., $10.95).* Early in the afternoon of September 6, 1976, Lieutenant Viktor Belenko, acting deputy commander of the Third Squadron of the 513th Fighter Regiment of the Soviet Air Defense Command, set off with the rest of his squadron from a base in the eastern Soviet Union. His plane was a MiG-25, the pride of the Soviet air force, the envy of the West. At 19,000 feet Belenko sent the plane into a power dive, pointing it straight toward earth. After plunging 18,900 feet, Belenko leveled the plane off and maintained this altitude until he felt he had eluded Soviet radar nests, surface-to-air missiles, and antiaircraft batteries. Thirty minutes after takeoff, his plane penetrated Japanese air space. Heavy cloudcover hid his original destination (as well as the other MiGs hunting him), and, his fuel tank nearly empty, he had to settle for a commercial airport with a runway nearly one-third shorter than any he had ever landed a MiG-25 on. Miraculously, the only damage to the plane was a blow-out in the front tire. Belenko had safely delivered to the West one of the Soviet Union's most precious secrets. Riveting as Belenko's escape is, this is more than a story of courage and adventure. It is an extraordinary account of the collision between an honest man and a horrid system. Far from being a dissident, Belenko might more aptly be described as a member of the Soviet silent majority, with one eccentricity: he wouldn't let alcohol rule his life. Since he never sought solace in the bottle, indignities that passed unnoticed by his numbed

(Continues on page 448)

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ALTHOUGH THE Reagan Administration has let it be known that it does not intend to allow the CIA to become involved in domestic spying, fears persist in the liberal community that the new President will allow the spooks to be "unleashed" overseas, where they will behave as aggressively as in the days of John Foster Dulles, having a good time and getting the U.S. deep into trouble, many grave embarrassments, and, probably, other Vietnams.

But an early spring wind blows in the direction of people who view the prospect with aplomb—like Theodore Shackley, author of *The Third Option: An American View of Counterinsurgency Operations* (Reader's Digest Press, $12). Mr. Shackley is a veteran of thirty years with the CIA; he precipitately retired from the Agency in 1979 in the wake of Admiral Stansfield Turner's purges, which he vigorously but politely denounces. Indeed, vigor and politeness—along with a somber trenchancy—are the distinguishing marks of this small polemic, which the author dedicates to "the heroic Meo hill tribes of North Laos," a "nomadic, freedom-loving people who fought the full military power of North Vietnam to a standstill."

Shackley's message is short: nations preserve themselves through self-interest, not self-expression. There is a time for war, and a time for diplomacy; and sometimes a "third option" is required—counterinsurgency. Washington has lately chosen to disdain this option, while the Soviet Union and its clients have proven themselves masters at it: the Kremlin has been swimming like a shark through the murk of detente, tying off a strategic pass here, blocking a vital strait there, and cozening and suborning as many mineral-rich principalities as it can. After leading the reader through the phases of insurgency—the cadres, "incipiency," the "operational" stage, and finally "covert war"—Shackley demonstrates by a series of unsettling case studies—El Salvador, the Western Sahara, and Angola—how the West has unnecessarily forfeited governments, influence, and international prestige to guerrilla armies and their distant masters.

Shackley finished his book before the 1980 election, but even from that uncertain perspective he saw the glimmering of hope. The country, he thinks, has entered the post-Vietnam era: Iranian students bearing THE U.S. CANNOT DO ANYTHING placards have had their effect. What the United States must do, says Shackley, is replace the mangled CIA with an entirely new agency, train and equip more counterinsurgency specialists, and get back to work fighting the secret wars on which our survival ultimately depends.

Shackley, in short, is hard-nosed, for all of his obvious caution and despite his occasionally annoying iteration that poverty and corruption are the fundamental cause of revolution, and that it is our obligation to do away with these. At times he seems to be addressing himself particularly to former Democratic Senators Frank Church and John Tunney. But, one wonders, is that really necessary now?

CAPTAIN PAUL B. RYAN, USN (Ret.), author of *First Line of Defense: The U.S. Navy since 1945* (Hoover, $14.95), also foresees a climate of opinion in which America's clout will be significantly enhanced. The bulk of the book is a fairly close history—the first to be published—of the postwar Navy, yet it has a discernible theme: since World War II the sophistication of the Service has been completed, giving it a comprehensive grasp of naval strategy in its historical perspective. Ryan assumes a close parallel between the naval races of 1945-1980 and 1880-1914, with the Russians today in the role of the Germans before the Great War. Nevertheless, Ryan argues, "In 1980 countless Americans shook off the delusions of the past decades." In the Eighties, perhaps, the U.S. will enjoy a fully sophisticated First Line, and an electorate inclined to vote it the support it needs. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JAMES] COOK:

Article on Organized Crime

As the United States hobbles its legitimate businesses with more and more regulation, taxes, and red tape, organized crime continues to grow and prosper—and does so in large part because it knows how to escape these restrictions.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Monroe Doctrine, I Presume?

On The Right

New York, Mar. 28—When President Reagan the other day made reference to the Monroe Doctrine, it was as if someone had rediscovered the Lost Chord. The Monroe Doctrine had become, since the October 1962 crisis, a fugitive term, used only with some embarrassment by historians required to teach atavistic United States diplomacy. Mr. Reagan's re-baptism of the Monroe Doctrine is nothing less than a spiritual experience. It is as if one could get Arthur Schlesinger to refer to the military-industrial complex as the "arsenal of democracy," which it was once called; or John Kenneth Galbraith to stop in mid-sentence next time he uses the term "cold warrior" and reformulate it into "freedom-fighter."

Having given us the relegitimization of the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Reagan owes us one thing more. In this space a few weeks ago I committed a careless error for which I have been chastised by that eminent attorney C. Dickerman Williams, whom I once accurately described as the best thing to happen to the Constitution since the Founding Fathers. I made some reference to the repeal of the Monroe Doctrine implicit in President Kennedy's promises to Nikita Khrushchev not to invade Cuba, nor to countenance aid to Cuban freedom-fighters from the United States. I wrote as if Mr. Kennedy's decision were in some way binding on his successors. I was most misleading.

There are three kinds of Executive agreement. The first is made pursuant to an act of Congress, of which an example would be trade agreements entered into under the authority of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act of 1934. A second are Executive agreements made by the implicit exercise of powers granted to the President by the Constitution, an example of which are the arrangements entered into by President Roosevelt at Teheran, Casablanca, and Yalta, while exercising his authority as Commander-in-Chief.

A third is an agreement made by a President serving in his capacity as chief administrative officer whom subordinate officers are logically expected to obey. President Monroe, our hero of the hour, promulgated the Rush-Bagot Agreement with Great Britain for the demilitarization of the Great Lakes. President Theodore Roosevelt agreed, in negotiations with Santo Domingo (now the Dominican Republic), to look after its financial affairs, and President Wilson, in the Lansing-Ishii Agreement of 1917, recognized the special interests of Japan in North China.

ALL THE above were reversed by successor Presidents. The late Edwin Borchard, professor of international law at the Yale Law School, wrote that "an Executive agreement, as the name indicates, 'binds' only as long as it suits both sides. It normally 'binds' only the signing Executive, not his successors."

This is not an analysis that has been resisted. When Theodore Roosevelt concluded his arrangements with Santo Domingo, for instance, he took the occasion to announce that the agreement was "a direction of the Chief Executive, which would lapse when that particular Executive left office." Moreover, if it makes any difference, the Soviet Union has in effect taken the same position. When Lyndon Johnson succeeded JFK, Khrushchev took to the air to announce that President Johnson "assured us that he would stick to the promises made by President Kennedy with regard to Cuba." Presumably, President Johnson had the option of not sticking to those promises.

President Reagan, who thinks rationally, understands the first law of logic, the law of contradiction, namely that nothing can both exist and not exist at the same time. Therefore, by reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine, President Reagan is bound to repudiate, or—a better word—announce the expiration of, any commitments respecting Cuba entered into by President Kennedy. This doesn't commit us to anything concrete: merely to acknowledging that what is going on in Cuba is in violation of the Monroe Doctrine, which is very much alive. □

I SAY AGAIN? *New York*, Mar. 22—Alfred North Whitehead is often quoted as having observed that historians learn the most about any culture by studying what it is that that culture never got around to saying about itself. Because that is what a culture takes for granted: the inbuilt premises, the planted axioms. The headline in the *International Herald Tribune* splashed across five columns is "U.S. Budget Seen as Hurting the Poor, Aiding the Rich." The story is from the *Washington Post* service and written by Robert Kaiser, a superb journalist who ought, really, to know better, though it is the point of this cautionary tale precisely that, with luminous exceptions, people *don't* know better. They look at Reagan's budget and say, as Kaiser does, "its most obvious effect would be to redistribute income in the United States. The money would go from poor to rich."

The superstition is that to restore to somebody something that is his is to take something from somebody else, and give it back to him. Perhaps Mr. Kaiser would have greeted Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation with the headline: "President Lincoln Endorses Massive Tax Break for Black Poor." It appears to be impossible to get anyone to acknowledge that if someone is paying 70 per cent of his, repeat his, income

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to the government, and you propose to reduce taxation from 70 per cent to 63 per cent, you are not "giving" that man something. What you are doing, of course, is taking less than what you were taking. If you stop blowing cigarette smoke into the face of the man seated next to you, you are not "giving" him clean air, you are desisting in your pollution of the air he breathes. It is thirty years since two scholars in Chicago published their book, so felicitously titled, *The Uneasy Case for Progressive Income Taxation.* Well, it is to say the least uneasy: it violates the most fundamental rules of equality under the law. The same people who in behalf of women's rights or minority rights will go anywhere except Vietnam to fight for equal pay for equal work are quite prepared to make a woman or a black pay twice as much as a white male if that woman or that black goes out and earns twice as much money by working longer hours or by cultivating special skills.

So that at a philosophical level, the story is illiterate. It is equally offensive, however, as a piece of "news analysis" —which is how the editors presented it, at least in Europe—in its failure to make the dominant economic point, which is that under existing economic arrangements, i.e., the existing configuration of taxes, spending, and deficits, we are running an inflation rate of 13 per cent and achieving a zero growth rate. Inflation doesn't, noblesse oblige, decline to afflict poor people. It is entirely undiscriminating. But it is poor people who suffer the most because net decreases in their purchasing power deny them items necessary to physical, not merely psychic, comfort. It requires a very hard commitment to the vocabulary of class antagonism to suggest that a budget primarily designed a) to fight inflation, and b) to increase productivity, is a budget aptly described as "Hurting the Poor, Aiding the Rich."

Mr. Reagan has high hopes that his program will slowly arrest and finally reduce inflation to 3 or 4 per cent. If he can contrive to do this, and also resume economic growth, he will have done more to help poor people than two-thirds of the social legislation on the books.

THE WRITER Tom Bethell, for the exercise of it, counted the cross-references over a period of one month, while watching the nationally televised news, to causes of inflation when the subject was inflation. Time after time the best-informed men in America, commanding the greatest research facilities, would mention, oh, OPEC oil, and corporate profits, as the putative causes of inflation; and hardly ever a) deficit financing, b) lower productivity, c) increased public spending, d) high marginal tax rates.

It is extremely difficult to get used to pristine conceptualization. I suppose that if every day during the past twenty years the editor of the *Washington Post* had begun his morning by giving Mr. Kaiser a hot foot, and suddenly he stopped doing so, Mr. Kaiser would instinctively write a story crediting the editor with stabilizing his body temperature. Mr. Reagan really ought to devote one entire speech to teaching American journalists how to climb out of the superstitions in which they were inculcated at places like Yale. □

PAN AM AND YOUR OVERWEIGHT

New York, Mar. 30 —I forget who appointed me or when, but somewhere along the line I emerged as unofficial journalistic protector of the traveling public in the Matter of Overweight. My commission is not disinterested, since I regularly travel with excess luggage, required as I am to carry the burdens of the world with me wherever I go. The unofficial legal protector of the traveling public is a young attorney in Miami, Donald Pevsner, who warns now of the imminence of the greatest imposition on the air-traveling public in the history of aviation.

Mr. Pevsner has filed a complaint before the Civil Aeronautics Board protesting the planned changes by Pan American Airlines. Unless the CAB forbids these changes, effective on the first day of April, here's what will happen to you if you decide to travel on Pan Am:

1. If you are a discount-fare passenger, which means if you are among the 66 per cent majority who fly on Pan Am, you will be allowed only one suitcase for your fare. If you have two, the second will cost you whatever the tariff is for an excess bag. If you have three or more, the extra luggage must be checked as freight. In many airports this involves a mere matter of going to a different terminal, hunting down the freight official, and turning over your bags. Now Pan Am will endeavor to see that this baggage travels with you on the same flight, but will decline to give it any priority. If it doesn't arrive with you in, oh, Nairobi, you can sit in the airport and wait for the next flight. It may be a couple of days later.

2. If you are a full-fare economy passenger, you will continue to get two bags free. But the third will be treated as above.

3. If you are a first-class passenger, existing rules will continue to apply. However, no matter in which class you travel, any bag that weighs more than fifty pounds (the present limit is seventy) will be counted as an excess bag, even if it is the only one you have.

Now Mr. Pevsner, for whom I have great respect, believes that the CAB is justly armed with the authority simply to deny Pan Am the right to make its own policies in the matter. I disagree. Inasmuch as regulations have been suspended granting monopolies on certain routes, my judgment is that if Pan Am decided to permit passengers no bags at all, Pan Am should be permitted to do so. Mr. Pevsner warns that if Pan Am is authorized to proceed, the other airlines will immediately imitate Pan Am, causing the greatest passenger dislocations and inconveniences in recorded memory. My analysis is different.

The World's Most Experienced Airline has in recent times suffered from highly inexperienced management. A month ago, routed on a succession of three Pan Am flights, I found one of them canceled, the other two late. A voyage scheduled for 14 hours took 22. Now any airline that loses as much money as Pan Am has been losing is obviously desperate for revenue. The question is whether revenue is going to result from doing the single most outrageous thing that can be done to a traveler, namely to tell him at the counter that his bags may or may not arrive at Auckland on the same flight with him.

THE ECONOMIC model, in the free-enterprise system, is supposed to work other than in the way Mr. Pevsner predicts. There are, over most routes—though by no means all—other carriers the passenger can patronize. No experienced traveler, given a choice in the matter, will mount any airplane that is vague about when his baggage is going to arrive.

We cannot predict how the CAB will respond. But it is extraordinary that an airline so closely associated with the history of aviation should even contemplate so egregious an affront to its patrons. In a year in which General Motors lost money, one must be sympathetic with the General Motors of the airlines' losing money. But their decision on how to make more money is the equivalent of General Motors' advising you that if you want a roof on your car, you have to pay extra.

We will see. □

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 442)

colleagues would set his soul aflame. One time, when his rage became dangerously obvious, a friendly foreman took him aside to advise him of the unwritten code of the Soviet Union: "In a socialist country do not be a white crow among black crows; else you will be pecked to death. If you want to be a different kind of bird, never let the others see your true colors." Belenko was given this advice several times, but he never heeded it. When he got the chance, in September of 1976, he gave the world a spectacular display of his true colors. Then, while U.S. and Japanese experts examined the gift Belenko brought, he was taken to the United States, a land he had been taught all his life to hate. Although a part of him always suspected he was being lied to, the 29 years of lies had taken root. Brought up to expect a decaying country whose citizens must struggle to eke out a living, Belenko wasn't fooled when he was taken to a farm in Virginia. It looked fertile and had the newest in farm machinery, but the wary pilot knew this was a "show farm," not a real working farm, because it didn't have any outhouses. Gradually, however, Belenko's senses persuaded him that the America he was seeing was the real America. His MiG was more advanced than even he knew. It had transported him from a primitive land of grinding poverty to a land more bounteous than he ever dreamed. It is the kind of land Viktor Belenko deserves.

KEVIN LYNCH

SHERMAN'S MARCH, *by Burke Davis (Random House, 335 pp., $12.95).* This is the definitive account of the greatest episode of the Civil War, Sherman's march to the sea. The subject has been treated before, of course, but never so well, or in such detail. To describe vividly, but without losing sight of the whole, the progress of 65,000 Federal troops burning and pillaging their way through three states (they met little resistance) is no easy piece of work, but Davis carries it off with aplomb, objectivity, and understanding. He evinces great admiration and respect for General Sherman, easily the most irresistible of Civil War commanders, whose biography fairly screams to be written. Despite attempts in the past, such a book has yet to be done competently and comprehensively, and until it is, we have the man's memoirs and letters, Lloyd Lewis's leviathan biography, and now this study of Sherman's greatest moment. Davis tells the story of the campaign and the subsequent collapse of the Confederacy through the participants' letters, diaries, books, and newspaper reports. But the theme of the work is Sherman, the strategist and good soldier beleaguered by politicians and the press, the warrior who believed that war's glory was "all moonshine," the commander who swelled with pride at his troops, "the most magnificent army in existence." JOE MYSAK

CAUSALITY IN ECONOMICS, *by J. R. Hicks (Basic Books, 124 pp., $8.95).* With this little jewel, Sir John Hicks makes ample amends for the gaucherie, perpetrated in his *Crisis in Keynesian Economics* (1974), of suggesting that the third quarter of the twentieth century be called the Age of Keynes just as the second quarter was the Age of Hitler. ("I do not feel," opined Friedrich von Hayek, "that the harm Keynes did is really so much as to justify *that* description.") Essentially, the book is something of a random walk through ideas that are really worth arguing about—surely nothing can be more bedrock than causation itself. Hicks's material effort, as the title suggests, concerns causality and his own discipline of economics. It starts off urbanely, with engaging reflections on the Enlightenment shift in perceptions between the final and the efficient, with models taken from the Old Causality of Milton and Pope to the New Causality of Adam Smith, Hume, and Gibbon. From there the sequence moves by easy (that is, almost easy) stages to windup reflections on probability and judgment. To be sure, tough and technical passages abound, but the cases of warm and insightful erudition are frequent enough to let the hammock reader savor the aperçus, while tuning out the incomprehensible. Indeed, had Carlyle gotten a look into these pages, he might well have coined another pejorative for Sir John's discipline. GERALD T. DUNNE

TENNYSON: THE UNQUIET HEART, *by Robert Bernard Martin (Oxford, 643 pp., $29.95).* Poets, like other artists, frequently undergo after their death a period of ignominy and even contempt—a special kind of purgatory perhaps—before being reappraised and assigned a place in the pantheon. Alfred Tennyson, ridiculed and parodied by an embarrassed post-Victorian generation, is shown by Professor Martin to have been a poet of stature and originality as well as a man of much greater complexity than previously suspected. By appointing his son Hallam as his official biographer, Tennyson hoped that the skeletons in the family cupboard would remain unknown. He feared that knowledge of the epilepsy, melancholia, alcoholism, and drug addiction in his immediate family and of his own rough manners and racy conversation would harm his image of Victorian respectability. He was in fact driven and restless all his life, frequently churlish to his friends, eccentric in his habits, prickly about criticism, and overly sensitive to his own feelings but not to those of others. By no means the figure the family intended for posterity: and yet Tennyson unvarnished evokes a sympathetic response that the carefully finished portrait did not. Martin believes that Tennyson's genius lay in his writings about symbolic nature—where human life is understood in the evocation of nature. The book is an example of what all literary biographies should be and most are not; a weaving of the life and writings into a fine seamless cloth. JUDITH E. CHETTLE

NIETZSCHE: A CRITICAL LIFE, *by Ronald Hayman (Oxford, 424 pp., $19.95).* As a young philology student with a brilliant analytical mind, a musician's soul, a sick body, and an ambition to prove all moralities and religions the rationalizations of the similarly diseased, Nietzsche succumbed to the influences of two early heroes, Arthur Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner. Schopenhauer taught him to identify will with force and to reject intellect. Wagner convinced him that music is the mother of tragedy and that society must be delivered (by nonpolitical means) from the weakness of Christianity and the materialism of the Jews. Once Nietzsche's self-confidence had surpassed even the towering egos of his two masters, however, and he had listed patriotism, confession, sex, science, freedom of the will, and piety as delusions of individualism, he rejected both the will to power and antisemitism in favor of Eternal Recurrence, derived from the Greek myth of Dionysus, whose martyrdom seemed to offer a promise of energy out of destruction. Ronald Hayman traces Nietzsche's subsequent philosophical development step by step alongside the hideous sufferings connected with the insanity the philosopher had always foreseen. In a tribute to the enormous influence he exerted on such molders of the twentieth century as Lawrence and Mann, Strindberg and Kafka, Freud and Wittgenstein, Hayman calls Nietzsche "one of the great liberators." But although he does allow that Nietzsche was "seeking revenge for an inner pollution, dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp around the swamp in which humanity was to sink," he never comes to grips with the question: Liberator from what? Or is that irrelevant? SELDEN RODMAN

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REYNOLDS

(Continued from page 420)

"two half-hearted participants in the labor force can do better than one who is competing aggressively for the relatively few jobs in the upper echelons." That is consistent with the evidence and with marginal incentives. Consider, for example, the rapid increase in early retirement of men while their wives continue to work—the wife has less experience and earns less, and the couple's combined income would be taxed in too high a bracket. The one with the highest tax rate drops out.

A month later (March 7) Kinsley is back with a prudently anonymous editorial. Here he takes the ever-popular approach of asserting that President Reagan's plan is no good because some hypothetical program might be better: "Just consider what Reagan has not proposed." We learn, for example, that "the greatest spur to increased work would be to reduce the tax on working —Social Security levies, welfare benefit income tests . . ." Federal and state income taxes that often take about half of any added earnings are apparently not considered taxes on working, but a 6 or 7 per cent payroll tax is.

"More affluent people pay more taxes," says Kinsley, "so a proportional tax break helps them more." Cutting high rates might help, he writes, "if the tax code were really progressive, which it isn't, and if rich people really paid the top rate, which they almost never do." So rich people don't pay high taxes but do benefit most from proportional cuts in those taxes they don't really pay anyway.

"Supply-side theory holds quite frankly that tax cuts for the affluent are more important," says Kinsley, "because they are the ones with the most discretion about how to save and invest." That is a purely Keynesian translation (probably from Otto Eckstein, who is weirdly described as "the supply-siders' favorite econometrician"). Supply-side theory just says higher tax rates on added earnings discourage earning more, whether by saving or otherwise, by rich or by poor. Poor people who lose a dollar of welfare when they report a dollar of earnings are facing a 100 per cent marginal tax rate, but that is mainly because real transfer payments are too high relative to taxable earnings (not because the tax rate *per se* is high). Kinsley's solution is "letting people keep their benefits when they go to work." Taken literally, this means we would all subsidize each other regardless of income. If he just means phasing out benefits at a higher income, that would help increase the work incentives of those who receive benefits, at the expense of incentives of taxpayers, who would shoulder a much higher burden.

Kinsley says, "Giving money to the poor discourages them from working (an effect money does not have on the rich, apparently)." *Giving* money to the rich would indeed discourage them from working, but few get rich from gifts. It is not easy to get rich—particularly when people have to climb through progressively higher tax rates to advance.

So, Mr. Kinsley tells his readers that George Gilder is "confused," "loopy," with a "fevered brain." He'd better hope they never read the book. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An Old Testament book — 5 66 119 103 132 25

B. An Old Testament book — 118 13 17 34 41 95 128 142 155 179 47

C. The O. T. text used by Jews — 152 141 75 173 29 83 67 1 4

D. Lord, I believe; help thou mine ___ (*Mark* 9:24) — 157 185 174 69 133 85 104 131

E. A version of the Bible published in 1970 — 167 9 39 19 28 87 108 116 148 169

F. Samson's beloved — 127 71 77 134 146 53 120

G. A special format of the Bible first printed in 1965 — 43 183 196 159 97 101 106 113 10

H. Woe unto the world because of ___! (variant sp.) (*Matt.* 18:7) — 130 78 160 121 86 96 176 194

I. The five books of Moses (*fol.* The) — 70 76 80 11 15 23 27 54 150 37

J. Saul's legitimate successor — 79 33 40 105 162 171 26 45 154 48

K. A New Testament book — 178 65 44 2 55 140 30

L. An Old Testament book — 135 184 123 149 89 3 49 151 195

M. An apprentice physician (variant sp.) — 147 14 139 153 129 99 164

N. The founder of the Premonstrants — 181 35 165 107 143 197 16

O. Part of a ship or an aircraft — 6 57 61

P. A version of the Bible published in 1568 — 31 166 7 12 98 114 122 137 193 51 63 68

Q. In an outmoded manner — 38 46 177 180 192 200 168 32 59 62

R. An Olympic star of 1936 — 100 20 52 36 50

S. The form of government in Heaven — 84 56 144 191 72 198 90

T. To enlist again — 18 91 109 172 21 187 115 124

U. What the lodge brothers invested in — 24 158 8 92 81 117 125 102 110

V. The Latin version of the Bible — 93 58 161 145 136 186 111

W. Damages — 170 190 88 182 112 138 60

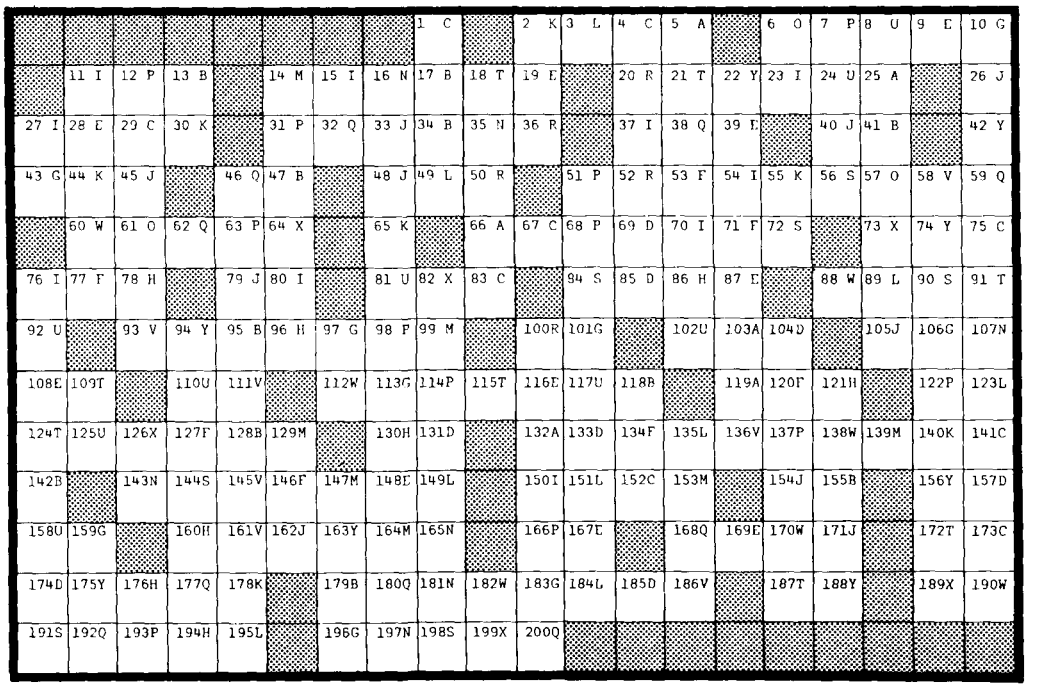
X. Noah's confused son is the type to become entangled — 189 126 73 64 199 82

Y. An English theologian (1320?-1384) — 163 74 42 175 22 156 188 94

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 444 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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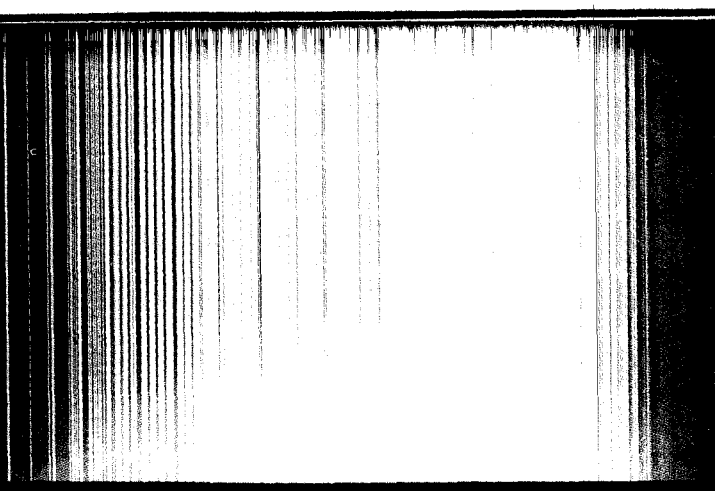

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